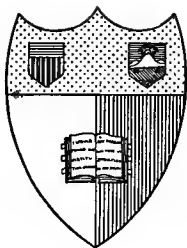


PERSONALITY



STUDIES IN
PERSONAL
DEVELOPMENT

HARRY COLLINS SPILLMAN



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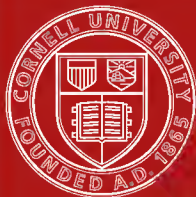
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PERSONALITY

STUDIES IN
PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

BY

HARRY COLLINS SPILLMAN

FORMERLY SPECIALIST IN COMMERCIAL EDUCATION FOR THE
FEDERAL BOARD FOR VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

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**TO
MY MOTHER**

PREFACE

THE essays comprising this volume are based upon a series of addresses delivered by the author before the New York high schools under the joint auspices of the New York Board of Education and the New York Chamber of Commerce. These addresses were later given before schools and colleges throughout the country and, with some modification, before nearly a hundred Ad Clubs, Rotary Clubs, and Chambers of Commerce. The author's viewpoint and much of the information and data underlying these addresses were gained by the writer in placing more than twenty thousand stenographers and business assistants in Greater New York.

Because of the manner in which this material first appeared these chapters retain some of the characteristics of direct spoken address. The author has sought, however, through the medium of the questionnaire at the end of each chapter, to give to this book a practical character not to be found in the usual inspirational volume. The results obtained will depend upon the vigor of the reader or teacher in applying the questionnaires, and in supplementing these with illustrations and questions drawn from personal experience.

In the body of the text the writer has endeavored to give credit for all material borrowed from others,

but lest any quotation marks have been unintentionally omitted and for the purpose of supplying a bibliography of the subject, more than seventy-five books have been recommended for reference.

The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to his life-long benefactor, Professor J. Lewie Harman, for much valuable help in the preparation of the questionnaires of this work. Grateful acknowledgment is also made for the encouragement and valuable editorial assistance contributed by Miss Pauline Goldbloom.

H. C. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
January, 1919

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INTRODUCTION

SURMOUNTING the generally-accepted arts and sciences of our highly developed age is a super-art, recorded by Plato but by no means universally practiced since his day — The Art of Living. Man, nature's final effort in the scheme of evolution, the unchallenged conqueror of the world, is less efficient in many habits of life than the animals which centuries ago vanished in his path of progress. The only species of God's creatures that is capable of standing erect, of raising an issue, and of rendering a decision, man, is just beginning "to respect that gleam of light that flashes across his mind," and to force it to have a positive part in his own making.

Robert Browning says that we can no more calculate the progress of the race by citing isolated flights of genius than we can estimate the light of the sky by taking the intensity of a single star. "Not until the host comes forward can we say that civilization is in the infancy of its forward march." With our experts declaring that the average man is using only ten per cent of his intellectual power with corresponding wastage in his physical, financial, and social resources, the body politic has not yet reached what Browning would regard as the adolescent stage.

While man is a group animal he has no more perfected his community customs than he has his individual habits. The bloody years, 1914-18, gave emphatic evidence that the brute instinct has not disappeared from the human mind. Millions of lives were sacrificed and untold wealth destroyed because one large community refused to live peacefully in the great family of nations; and that savage nation followed a leader whose predisposition to slay had survived all the civilized centuries that separate Cain from the Kaiser.

But as this book goes to press the results of that war are being written. The Peace Conference at Paris is the principal world-event since the birth of Christ, and "the final enterprise of humanity." The Kaiser's war was personal not only because he decreed it but it was personal in its ramifications and effects on all humanity. Not forgetting millions of broken homes and hearts, future generations can proclaim the war of 1914-18 a glorious war, if the lessons it has taught and the blessings it has preserved can be fabricated into the warp and woof of humanity.

But life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness may be found easier to die for than to live for. In the avenues of peace we lose the psychology of the crowd; there is a psychic urge to lock-step—a superanimation for marching with bands behind us and the multitude at attention before us. A harder trial will come as a hundred million people

readjust themselves to prosaic peace tasks, while a liberated world awaits the personal application of new principles to the art of living. Those principles which have been worth defending on the field of battle for the good of the group are worthy to be inculcated into the personal practices of the units that make up the group. If it is wrong for a powerful nation to assault a weaker state, to steal from it or in any way coerce it, then it is no less a crime in point of principle if one company of men conspires against another or one man against his neighbor in restraint of trade. If it is right and equitable that the diplomatic intercourse of nations should be exposed to the public view why not play the great game of commerce with fewer cards under the table? Is it not folly to expect the Golden Rule to work among nations unless it also works among men? Again, if a man finds it good to save for his country will he find it less expedient to save for his family? If under the lash of patriotic zeal he has learned to render a larger day's service for a larger day's pay, will he be less industrious and expectant with Government discipline removed? If the nation can create a Personnel Organization that precisely evaluates the man power of the army, and sets every soldier at the task he is best equipped to perform, are we to be less exacting in the conservation of human resources in times of peace? And, finally, after the awful price we have paid that our nation might

remain free and useful and happy, will the average man demand no share in the victory? In an emancipated world will he not strive as never before to become a self-discovered, self-directed unit—free, forward-facing, masterful? As the nations lay down their arms and concord becomes the universal countersign, will the average man prove capable of personal reconstruction and attune his own life to the rhythm of the New Day?

In the school of this new life our geographies are not the only textbooks that will need to be rewritten. The whole instruction scheme will need to be pitched in a higher key. Agencies of training must begin to talk less about short courses and more about long careers. Ambitious men and women must prepare to meet new standards of measurement—intellectually, physically, morally. Such qualities are non-existent except as attributes of manhood and womanhood. Whatever the ambition—to become a stenographer, an engineer, a banker, or even the President of the United States—one must first be a real man before he can build any of these. This book has been written for those schools that recognize this truth and have grown weary in well-directed effort to train men and women for the professions by a composite of mathematics, language, science, shorthand, etc., homeopathically or hypodermically administered. In short, the book has been written for all men and women who concede that the *best* school can give only a poor

start in the direction of a real education; that we never graduate at all but are always in a state of educational transit; that man's intellectual and spiritual unfoldment is a matter quite apart from books; and that the greatest school of all is the classroom wherein he finds himself both teacher and student—the school of self-discovery and development.

Sad is the day for any man when he becomes absolutely satisfied with the life that he is living, the thoughts that he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing; when there ceases to be forever beating at the doors of his soul a desire to do something larger which he feels and knows he was meant and intended to do.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

PERSONALITY

SELF-SURVEY AND CONTROL

By all means use some times to be alone.

Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look into the chest — for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

— GEORGE HERBERT

That man is to be pitied who, when alone, finds himself in poor company. Sir Walter Scott once said that if he were forced to choose between eternal company without the power of retiring within himself or solitary confinement for life, he would ask the turnkey to lock the cell. Whoever flees his own society elects to run away from a world — his own world — to study life and work out his own destiny by the more difficult process of indirection. Success is not a collective, but an abstract noun, detached, isolated, personal. If you are to know it in its fullest sense, the knowledge will not come to you as you walk with the battalion, but as you explore that great universe that is bounded on the north by the hair of your head, on the south by the soles of your feet, on the east and west by the outstretched tips of your fingers. The world's greatest universities are not located at Oxford, at Princeton,

or at Cambridge, but under the hats of self-searching men. The most any institution of learning can do is to hold the light by which you may ignite your own candle. A school may be richly endowed with libraries and laboratories, but these will have no meaning until your own world-equipment is added. Education means to lead *out of* yourself, not *into* somebody's schoolhouse. It is, then, a question not of whether a man has been through college, but of whether the college has been through the man. Experience is indeed the master teacher, and the great lessons of the late war have shown us how much more truly education goes on outside than inside the classroom. The correct interpretation of education holds that the mind of man is not a storehouse for the dead facts of other minds, but a living fountain flowing always from an inexhaustible self-source.

Every man is in life imprisonment until he is self-discovered, until he finds out who he really is and what he was created to do. Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford says that three out of every four men over thirty-five years of age have chosen the wrong vocation. Among these are thousands of college men, well educated according to the popular notion, but still without the key of self-knowledge that would turn their souls out of bondage. In contradistinction to these misfits and among the twenty-five per cent who are progressing along the life's highway we find the Edisons, the

Schwabs, the Carnegies, the Hills — a select company with master's degrees from the university of hard knocks. The human mind could not comprehend the transformation if seventy-five per cent of the men over twenty years of age should really come to know themselves as these supermen have done. What would each life be worth to itself and to humanity if the best that is bound up in it were to be discovered and utilized? In the hurried self-appraisements that we make we omit from our inventories much that is vital. With field glasses over our shoulders we scurry away to distant lands that we may see what is fair and wonderful. "See America First" is the advertising slogan of a great continental railroad company. You should apply the same logic, personally — see your own universe first — take a personally conducted tour through the unexplored regions of your own kingdom. A man unrevealed to himself must remain forever unrevealed to the world. Dean Johnson of the New York University School of Commerce says: "You are a very complicated machine and you are the only person who can drive it or in any way improve it. Your friends may know a great deal about your powers mentally and physically but they cannot make you over. If you want your machine to be in the best possible running order and to do the work for which it is best fitted, you must know it more thoroughly than you do your horse or your dog."

The average man who has never considered the value of his body may draw an inspiring lesson from the accident insurance companies. On the cold business basis your arms are worth five thousand dollars, your legs, five thousand dollars, your eyes, five thousand dollars, even a finger is worth two hundred fifty dollars. In such a schedule, certainly the great dynamo that drives the human machine, the mind, even though untrained, must be worth at least fifteen thousand dollars. In other words, you arose this morning, even if you did not have a dollar in the bank, with a working capital of not less than thirty thousand dollars. This capital you may increase manyfold by carefully studying and improving the basis of your present worth. Paderewski's hands are probably insured for a quarter of a million dollars and are worth many times that sum, because his own production is highly refined. It would be impossible to fix the true capital value of a mind like Edison's, or Burbank's, because the value is cumulative and will run on through the ages. President Henry U. Mudge of the Rock Island Railroad capitalizes each man on a basis of wages, or salary, at a minimum of twenty-five thousand dollars. For example he capitalizes every man earning nineteen dollars and twenty-three cents a week, or eighty-three dollars and thirty-three cents a month, or one thousand dollars a year, at twenty-five thousand dollars, because at four per cent the man's wages or salary

is the interest on twenty-five thousand dollars. He appraises a man earning nineteen dollars and twenty-three cents a week as being worth as much as the cost of a locomotive, but he adds, "You can make yourself worth more, while a locomotive cannot. You can direct your own energies, while a locomotive must be directed by a driver."

It rests with every man to fix his own capitalization. It may be fifty thousand dollars, one hundred thousand dollars, or even five hundred thousand dollars. It depends on how successful you are in developing the human machine with which you must do your work.

Be courteous to yourself — to the wonderful intricate mechanism of your body by not misusing it; to that indefinable delicate machinery of your mind by training it; to that indefinable but deeply real thing we must agree to call the spirit by not stifling its still small voice.

Professor James of Harvard has said that the average man uses only ten per cent of his brain power. Certainly only those men get one hundred per cent out of life who invest one hundred per cent of themselves in life, and we cannot make our investment until we have located our capital. A successful sales manager, in addressing his men, said:

I believe absolutely that if every salesman on this force would spend one single hour in his own room before his mirror and cold-bloodedly analyze himself our sales this month would be increased a hundredfold.

The world gives its largest rewards to those exceptional young men and women who have the poise and self-possession necessary to carry on the important work of self-survey. Life is so multifarious, and the counter-attractions so great, that our moments of meditation are made up, for the most part, of unconnected impressions. Our minds are always "at home" to those fleeting visitors who can be entertained with the least mental effort. Payot says:

The majority of men know as little of themselves as they do of the countries of Central Africa. They never voluntarily turn their attention from the outside world to examine themselves; or rather as they have thrown their consciousness wide open to everything outside, they have never had the courage to fathom this torrent of outside interests, and ascertain the actual rock-bottom depth of their own beings. The result is that they go through life drawn hither and thither by outside happenings, with scarcely any originality, or without any more control of their direction than have the leaves which are whirled about by the autumn wind.

The great psychologist recognized that there is little of value to be had in making self-discovery, unless one is able to command what one has discovered. To compile an inventory of self-assets is a promising investment only to the man who is capable of self-government.

It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

Every man is born a king, but he decides for himself whether he is to be a ruling or merely a reigning monarch. No greater by-product will come out of the world war than the lesson of discipline which it has taught to nations and to individuals. Discipline is a rigorous training that causes us to do willingly the things we formerly disliked to do. The average will is limp from inaction, but it may be strengthened by proper exercise even as the muscles of our arms. Payot noting, in his "Education of Will," the relation of desire to action, gave the following suggestion:

When a favorable sentiment passes through consciousness we must prevent it from disappearing too quickly; we must fix the attention on it and make it waken all the ideas and sentiments which it can arouse. In other words, cause it to become as prolific as possible and to yield everything it has to give.

Across the Hudson, a few miles away from the bright lights of New York City lies the "Self Masters' Association" made up of the "Monks of Vagabondia." Gathered here are the down-and-outers, broken in spirit and spent in body, rejected and despised of men and society. As a last resort they go to Andress Floyd's colony, an institution where men are made over by themselves. There is no sleight of hand, no miracle wrought by them, just the old philosophy — "Know thyself" — applied and supplemented by self-rule. So from the four corners they come, they see, they conquer.

To the young life unmarred by the habits of self-abuse, the process of self-exploration and conquest is simple but never easy. He who comes to know himself and command himself has little else to learn. It will be easy enough to attain to success by continued application of brain and brawn. But he who is able to discover and to command himself will be a king for that.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Are you spending as much as thirty minutes a week apart from books or companions in your own society?

2. Can you be happy in your own company? Do you know your greatest asset and your greatest weakness?

✓ 3. Have you practiced the art of concentration until you can hold your mind steadily upon a given thought even in a crowded car or a busy railway station?

4. According to President Mudge's basis of calculation, what is your personal capitalization? What has been the average percentage of increase during the last three years?

* 5. Give yourself an honest percentage rating on the following characteristics:

Energetic ✓	or	Lazy ✓
Spasmodic	or	Continuous ✓
Accurate	or	Inaccurate ✓
Neat ✓	or	Slovenly
Conserving of energy	or	Wasteful of energy

* Tests suggested by Roger W. Babson, The Statistician.

* 6. Give yourself an honest rating as to financial capacity.

Acquisitive	or	Nonacquisitive
Conservative	or	Speculative
Economical	or	Extravagant
Appreciative of Value	{	Good /
	{	Poor
Make more than you spend		
Spend more than you make		

* 7. What average do you make as to type of mind?

Broad	or	Narrow
Constructive	or	Destructive
Orderly	or	Disorderly
Practical	or	Impractical
Scientific	or	Unphilosophical
High Ideals	or	Low Ideals

* 8. What is your percentage rate on the following attributes of disposition?

Responsive	or	Unresponsive
Friendly	or	Unfriendly
Patient	or	Impatient
Ambitious	or	Self-satisfied
Cheerful	or	Gloomy
Enthusiastic	or	Indifferent
Courteous	or	Discourteous
Truthful	or	Untruthful
Courageous	or	Cowardly
Stable	or	Unstable

9. Will you agree to arise ten minutes earlier for one week as a will exercise and report the result?

10. Write a treatise of 250 words on "The things I intend to do with my will."

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Company
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Revell Company

THINKING I CAN

To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

— SHAKESPEARE

This assurance from Shakespeare underwrites all social and business integrity and suggests that all values are reflected from, and protected by, the individual appraisal. The wealth, honor, and morality of mankind must always begin with the pronoun I. A man without a self-sustaining confidence in himself must needs be without adequate faith in his Creator whose representative he is. No man can be in tune with the worth while life who sings no song of himself. He need not sing it from the housetop; but if he realizes that he has been fitted out by the Creator to do well a given piece of the world's work, he will be about his business in due season and he will make his song of life worthy of the instrument he has been given to play.

Modern day students of Shakespeare ascribe to him the attributes of a master salesman. The twentieth century formulators of business ethics have builded squarely upon the basis that respect for the good and the true begins with the pronoun of the first person. No man can really be true to

himself who has not an abiding faith in himself. Here lies the chief corner stone of scientific salesmanship. The first important selling transaction with which one can be identified is a three-cornered transaction. He is the salesman, purchaser, and the thing sold. For no salesman — and that term includes every man and woman who earns a living by hand or head — can be a success in this life until he has succeeded in selling himself, to himself. When he has once made that confident analysis it should be easy for him to apply the same principles to other commodities which he may offer for sale.

But there may always be this difference in offering one's wares and oneself for sale: in the former sale the price is regulated by the law of supply and demand; but in the latter instance the price is arbitrary. Indeed I may be an autocrat and stamp whatever value I will upon myself. I may imprint my services with the mental trade-mark of superiority and carefully store them away against the hour of made-to-measure customers, or I may throw myself upon the bargain counter to be fingered over by the basement crowd. Every man is first great or small according to his own calculation. Spiritual bankruptcy is always several days ahead of the sheriff. Our mental collapse is the result of a poor system of bookkeeping. We strike off our trial balance, having underscored self-liquidating liabilities, and overlooked important assets. People are willing to believe a self-helping man a going

concern until he stops discounting his bills and begins to walk stoop-shouldered. Emerson said that the best lightning rod for self-protection is one's spine. Indeed one's carriage is more than an incident in his credit. Men have telltale gaits like thoroughbreds and truck horses. A careful banker would sooner look into your face than into your strong box, for if you have been serving the god of doubt, of personal distrust, these things are pictured in your countenance, and are more eloquent to the man who lends than coupon papers.

A man may lack the confidence of every banker in his community and yet be strongly underwritten if he has the security of his own soul. To be a charter member of the "Self-Sustaining Order of I Cans" promises more eventually than a first-class rating in Dun or Bradstreet. There is only one person whose respect and credit is indispensable to your success and that person is yourself. What any other man may think of you or do for you will never make or break you. That job is highly personal. Doubters are always in the majority and lie along the race course of life to whet the ambitions of the stout hearted. Edison and Marconi were good hurdlers before they became skilled inventors.

In the lesser fields of achievement, men and women carry on by hearkening to the still small voice from within rather than to chatter from without. I know a stenographic expert who twelve

years ago enrolled in a business school, and after a week's endeavor was told by his teacher that he could never learn shorthand; whereupon his tuition was refunded and he left the institution. However, before leaving he asked his teacher whether she thought he might not be able to learn a little. The reply was that he might master shorthand if he worked a hundred times harder than the average boy. A few weeks later the school was astonished to receive from the rejected pupil the first three lessons of the shorthand textbook written out in copperplate style a hundred times. In due course other lessons were received until the entire text had been copied a hundred times. Then this would-be stenographer wrote and inquired whether he might not reënroll in the school. Upon being enthusiastically rematriculated he entered, by his own request, the beginning class in shorthand. To-day that rejected student whom competent teachers had pronounced incapable of learning a shorthand system, is a court reporter in the City of New York at a salary of \$6,000 a year.

Robert Fulton years ago
Said he'd make the steamboat go
And stuck to it.
Robert's friends began to jolly,
Called the steamboat Fulton's folly,
But the darn thing went, by golly
He stuck to it.

And Robert Fulton deserves our admiration and plaudits for his contribution to the field of science, but the world unconsciously honors him more because he had the courage to hold on, to insist that the steamboat was within him while the world was unwilling to help him search for it.

Herbert Spencer, in his "First Principles," says that nothing standing alone can be absolutely known. Science is a matter of relativity and in all things our faith must transcend our knowledge. To believe yourself able is the nearest approach to being able; to fix your eyes resolutely upon a given goal shortens the distance to its attainment. Much of Sandow's power lies in the consciousness of his strength. "He can who thinks he can" is the lion in him. Whoever believes a given task impossible achieves a result corresponding to his suspicions. Philip the Second built the resplendent Spanish Armada and sent her forth to crush the lesser English fleet. But the admiral of the Spanish Armada was given to seasickness, and openly confessed to Philip his lack of confidence in the expedition. The Spanish Armada, overequipped with guns and sailors but without an enthusiastic confident command, sailed straight into the defeat which corresponded to the mental pattern of its admiral. Contrast that adventure with the one financed by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. The Pinta, Niña, and Santa Maria were sickly craft when compared to the units of the Spanish Armada,

and yet these tiny barks were ballasted and impelled by a mightier force than Philip the Second had put into his monsters of the deep. The Spanish Armada had no Columbus. History reveals no more inspiring example of personal courage and fortitude than this. The issue that he raised was the rotundity of the earth and a shorter route to India; the decision he rendered was to fare forth and discover. From the first hour of his decision he never lost sight of his purpose nor ceased to throw his life against it. Doubt, ridicule, and disappointment were his daily portion and he finally walked calmly into the way of desertion and near-death, but his command never changed; it was always — "Sail on!" Ever came the still small voice "The earth is round; there must be land." Through the windows of his soul he saw San Salvador. "And they who were with him were mightier than they who were against him."

All of the outposts of discovery and progress have been set by Columbuses. Faith has been the universal conqueror. Faith is the very mainspring of energy and action. Of all of the virtues, we can make it the most practical. Faith has been the foundation stone of all conquests of all ages. The Panama Canal is a colossal faith statue. The electric light, the steam engine, the telephone, the telegraph, the typewriter, the submarine, and the automobile are "I can" souvenirs left by men with a fondness for doing the impossible. To succeed in

life is the natural way to live. To fail is oftentimes to follow lines of greater resistance. It requires constructive and optimistic thinking to succeed, and it requires destructive and pessimistic thinking to fail. Choose as you may between success or failure, you can achieve neither without careful preparation. A man without an electrifying belief in his ability to achieve is never adequately prepared. Practically all of the accomplishments of the race are the reward of an equipment like yours. The Wright Brothers sharpened their first tools in the woodshed but the completed model had a factory finish. As compared with past heroes and world-servers the odds are in your favor, but you must choose carefully your belief pattern,

For my work shall not be enduring
And I shall not be free
Until I myself am true to myself
And value the power in me.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Contrast confidence with egotism, and illustrate both with example.
2. In what way does your self-confidence strengthen your faith in the general scheme of things?
3. Contrast the idea of selling one's self with the idea of selling one's wares.
4. Why is it more necessary for a great merchant to have the support of his own soul than the backing of banks?

5. Name four men who have been self-impelled and who have traveled the road of international doubt and of ridicule, finally achieving "the impossible."

6. Who in your estimation presents the most outstanding example of personal confidence and tenacity in American history?

7. What did the expedition of the Spanish Armada have in common with the voyage of Columbus? Contrast these adventures.

8. From the standpoint of confidence in the justness of the cause, whose faith was the greater, Washington's or Lincoln's? Why?

9. Who has your greater admiration, Cyrus W. Field or Robert Fulton? Why?

10. Name the inventor and give something of the history of the following inventions which were given to the world as a result of an unalterable personal courage:

The Atlantic Cable
The Steamship
The Telephone
The Typewriter
The Electric Light

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EYES THAT SEE

Did God give the eyes for nothing? And was it for nothing that He mingled in them a spirit of such might and cunning? . . . Was it for nothing that he made light, without which there were no benefit of any other thing?

— EPICETUS

About every second man one meets is wearing eye-glasses, and the other half is on its way to the oculist. "If the trouble is in the iris or retina, a piece of ground glass will quickly restore your focus, but if the fault lies in the brain base which is the seat of perception, no amount of ocular skill will print an enduring picture on your memory." To behold is fatally easy, but to observe requires that the myriad of brain cells be fully mobilized and put in action, giving the power of comparing, combining, constructing, and retaining. The average brain is flabby from disuse. Only the most persistent regime of training will make it sufficiently sensitive to recall the objects carried to it through ether waves.

No characteristic so marks a man or woman for preferment as the gift of sight. Every normal creature had seen the lightning flash but Benjamin Franklin observed it. Louis Brandeis startled our nation by saying: "I can show the

railroads how to save one million dollars a day," and efficiency, which always might have been, seems to have begun. Noah, our first great expert in transportation and conserver of national resources, left an example in applying the conservation principle of production that has been lost for two thousand years. Every sunrise ushers in a new world of opportunities. The *modus operandi* of business, in science, in art, in every earthly manifestation, is in a constant state of reformation. Nothing is permanent but change. The final edition of "Who's Who" never goes to press, and it offers a standing invitation to the man who will learn to see beyond his nose, to reason from effect back to cause, to distinguish live wires from dead ones without coming into actual contact with the wire. Every great invention breaks the heart of a hundred men who had dreamed about it years in advance of the inventor's patent. They had made a dreamer's model, but flagging imagination or relenting concentration had omitted the spring or screw that would have tightened the mental patent into a practical machine.

A New York business man who has made a diligent survey of successful people, gives this convincing contrast between sightless and seeing eyes:

"After I had spent a summer at Harvard University, I returned to New York on a steamer from Providence. On board the vessel that night I met the most wonderful man of all my acquaintances.

I cannot tell you his name for indeed I never knew him, and yet I call him the most interesting man I have ever met. He was a steerage passenger and had come up from the bowels of the ship after midnight to get a few breaths of fresh air. I found that he was a bill-poster for one of our great American circuses. He was not an educated man from the viewpoint of books but he was a post graduate in the university of observation. He told me all about the wonderful institution — the circus. I thought I knew all about the circus. Years ago I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning and watch the circus until it left the next morning at four. I thought I knew all about it. I knew all the animals by their first names and was on intimate terms with the gentleman who issued the complimentary tickets for services rendered. But I found out on this night that I really knew nothing about the circus. When this bill-poster told me the clock-like precision with which this great institution moves from one city to another; when he told me how many beeves and potatoes were required to feed all the people; the difference in pay between the men who drove the tent stakes and those who did the acting; how I wished that every boy and girl in this country might learn what I learned about a circus that night from this steerage passenger. He had been all over Europe putting up his circus bills, and everywhere he had been he had appropriated the treasures of the old world.

At two o'clock that morning, when I allowed this bill-poster to go back to the steerage, I declared that that night had been far more entertaining and profitable to me than any I had spent at Harvard University.

"In bold contrast I recall the experience of a man who recently came into my office in New York. He was applying for a stenographic position. In reply to my query as to his education and experience, he said that he had graduated from one of our largest western universities, was a stenographer of three years' experience, was thirty years of age, and desired fifteen dollars a week. You can make your own calculations. I then asked him what he had been doing for the last year. He replied, 'Well, I have not been doing anything that would bear upon my ability to earn money. I have just finished my third voyage around the world.' I said, 'Do you really mean to tell me that you have been three times around the world?' He replied, 'Yes, I returned only last week on the Mauretania.' By this time he had arisen and started to leave, but I insisted that he be seated and tell me something of the many interesting things he had seen in these three voyages around the world. 'Well,' he said, 'there really isn't anything of interest that I can tell you.' 'If not,' I replied, 'let me ask you a few questions. For instance, tell me something about the Mauretania. I have occasionally seen her steam up the

bay but I never have been on board.' 'Well,' he replied, 'the *Mauretania* is a great vessel; it is some ship.' He had gone over on this floating palace of the sea, had enjoyed her luxuries and her conveniences, but had associated in no way this floating hotel with the first rude craft that Robert Fulton had set adrift in the Hudson River many years before. He had gone over to London, the first city of the world, and had walked down the streets blindly. He had looked upon Westminster Abbey as you would look upon your City Hall. He had crossed the Channel and gone down the Rhine, but he could not tell me on which side lived the Belgians — this college man. After a short stay in Paris he had passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, but he did not see that mighty rock whose strength has been immortalized in advertising. He had gone to the city of the Caesars but he did not tell me whether her hills were one or seven. There in the land of the Renaissance and the world's early civilization and literature this man had grown weary in a few days and had gone down into the domain of Solon and Alexander, but those great warriors and statesmen had left no interesting footprints for him. Finally he had come back to his own country to offer her the same services and to exact from her the same reward."

The chief purpose of life is to see something. There is a greater difference in our spiritual visions than there is in our physical visions. We should

become a part of all that we see and all that we have. Our lives and our services should be inlaid with every aspect of our opportunities.

Accurate sight is the result of concentrated viewing of objects. Therefore to cultivate the power of sight we must cultivate the force of will. We must get the knack of attending vigorously and exclusively to the matter in hand. Dr. Haddock, in his "Power of Will," quotes the experience of a man in the Greek Island of Hydra, who was accustomed to take his post every day for thirty years on the summit of the island and look out for approaching vessels; and although there were over three hundred sailboats belonging to the island, he could tell the name of each one as she approached, with unerring certainty, while she was still at such a distance as to present to the common eye only a confused white blur upon the clear horizon. In one of the popular New York restaurants there is a cloakroom attendant who never checks the articles left in his care. He scrutinizes both people and their belongings so closely that they are instantly associated even after hours of separation.

Dr. Harold Wilson says that it is estimated that the human eye is capable of distinguishing one hundred thousand different colors or hues and twenty shades or tints of each hue, making a total of two million color sensations which may be discriminated; and he expresses the belief that such an estimate is not excessive. Also great specialists

contend that so-called color blindness is as likely to result from long-practiced absent-mindedness as from marked defect in vision. We hurry along at such a rapid pace that we see life only in terms of black and white, while there is infinite variation in the coloring of the earth, its blossoms, rainbows, and sunsets. How great is the opportunity to multiply the quality of our living by a journey through the woods after the fashion of John Burroughs or David Grayson! Such men have learned to get one hundred per cent out of life by investing a like amount in life. They see the world because they look intently at it. They put their wills into their sight efforts and acquire the habit of intensive rather than extensive seeing. Detail rather than scope is the purpose, although as the habit is developed it is surprising how wide a range of objects can be seen with fair degree of accuracy of detail.

Learning to see is to a great extent a process of elimination, a shutting out from thought as well as from view distracting subjects and objects. As we put blinders on a spirited animal to confine his view ahead so must we use the will to align our focus, making it direct and purposeful.

But the perfect vision — eyesight plus insight — comes only through the windows of the soul. Whipple says, "Our eyes can truly observe only those objects which the mind, heart and imagination have been gifted to see." One but needs to

visit a great art gallery to learn the truth of this. We never need the eyes of Rembrandt or Millet to appreciate a painting which the artist has produced out of our world of education and experience. To such a canvas we bring a certain awareness, something of the coloring of life that the artist has painted in it. Our sight then will always be measurably modified by our experience and our ideals. In New Orleans the old Royal Hotel was once the French capitol of America and in its basement was located one of the greatest slave markets in the old South. This hotel had been visited by countless thousands, including the royalty of France, and all had looked upon the block without seeing it as it really was. In this, the greatest hotel in all the South, the aristocracy of two continents studied from vantage points the art of buying and selling human life. Then one day came the strangest of all spectators, clothed not in royal robes; he was just a simple-hearted cabin boy shipping down the Mississippi, yet he looked upon the slave block and saw in it humanity's unpardonable sin. That cabin boy turned away from the slave markets of the South with a new life's pattern etched in his brain.—“A nation half slave and half free could not long endure.” The Emancipation Proclamation was what Abraham Lincoln really saw in the slave market of New Orleans.

The future would cause us less concern if we extracted from the passing hour only a fraction of

our due of its blessings and beauties. Dr. Crane, in commenting upon the writings of David Grayson, says: "His value is that he has stopped to look at life. He is not going anywhere; he is just taking a walk. It is the journey that is worth while to him and it little matters at what inn or farmhouse the day's end shall find him. He came upon the truth by just standing still a bit and looking. He opens the gates of his soul and the beauties of the world troop in."

There is no ingratitude like that ingratitude which allows one to be unsusceptible to his surroundings and observations. Resolve to see the things at which you look, not because the process bears such a close relation to your bank account, but because observation and appreciation go so far in changing one's life from a condition of mere existence to one of ideal and perfect living.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Distinguish between physical and mental seeing.
2. Why will an artist whose physical sight may be imperfect see more in the masterpiece than the layman whose physical sight is keen?
3. How many stories is the highest building in your city and what is its approximate foot frontage?
4. Is there a clock on your City Hall or Library building? If so, in what direction is it facing?
5. Without referring to your watch draw a rough outline of its face, locating the second hand.

6. Who is the tallest member of your class? Who is the shortest? How many blonds in the class and how many brunettes?

7. How many red stripes are there in the American flag? How many stars? Are the stars blue on a white field or white on a blue field?

8. Select an attractive show window in one of the leading stores in your city. Pass this window at your accustomed gait. Observe attentively the various objects on display. When you have passed the window, note down the objects seen. Repeat this test for five different days and when you have recorded the result of your final test, go back to the window and then accurately list every article displayed. Estimate the percentage of your failures.

9. Describe the material and general architectural character of the fifth nearest residence to the one in which you reside. Having recorded your analysis of this house, go within a hundred feet of it. Observe it closely for a period of ten minutes. Note its general size. Observe its distance from other houses flanking it on either side. Record its color and note whether it harmonizes with the general environment in which it is set. If so, how? If not, why? Write the result of your observation. Repeat the exercise for five days and note the improvement.

10. Take a walk of a dozen blocks along a fairly busy thoroughfare studying attentively the faces of the passers-by. Observe how many are wholly new and the varying degree of familiarity in the others.

(a) How many of these faces can you call by name?

(b) How many can you locate by residence or place of business?

(c) How many have you seen frequently and are not now able to recall when or where?

- (d) Can you carry one of these familiar, unidentified faces in mind until you later establish some identifying fact or circumstance connected with it?

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“MY SHIPS”

Think you to-morrow, when the fullness of life's treasure is mine, that it will hold aught that is new or strange to me? I tell you that I long have known each masterpiece that hangs upon the walls of my To Be, and each royal robe that I shall wear was spun from starshine in my dreams.

— MURIEL STRODE

Doctor Katherine M. H. Blackford, in a questionnaire, asks the applicant: “If you could have any position you wish for, what would it be?” She says that a man's ideal is the most important thing about him; that it does more to determine his success or failure than any other one element in his character. Every man is two men — the man he is and the man that he may be. On the one hand there is the sum total of his thoughts and actions in the past, and on the other a passive bundle of possibilities. The essence of education is the adaptation of our conduct to our principles; of our actions to our ideals.

The world's dreamers have also been the world's doers. The renowned in all walks of life have been the product of a constructive imagination. Without a clear-cut mental blueprint of the thing to be achieved, no man holds on in the face of the world's scorn and ridicule. When the young Disraeli arose

in the British Parliament to make his maiden speech, he felt keenly an atmosphere of laughter and scorn, but he was undaunted. At the height of their ridicule he cried out, “The time will come when you will hear me!” The English Parliament was unprepared for such well-laid plans of the young judge. But Disraeli held on to his dream until, as Prime Minister of England, he became one of the most highly respected statesmen and orators in the Empire.

The sequence of harvest to seedtime holds in human experience as well as in the realm of physics and chemistry. Thistles may grow beside the wheat but not from it. The seed can reproduce only its kind; in other words the material harvest follows a mental sowing. Nature gives in accordance with our mental planting. Think constructively and concretely of the things you want; visualize them vigorously. Thomas Carlyle thought in terms of the books he expected to write, and lived to reap a literary harvest. His fellows ridiculed his dream of authorship. They could not understand the aspirations of a youth whose only apparent stock in trade was poverty; but Carlyle assured them that he had better books in him than had ever been written. Lifelong dyspepsia and a scornful wife could not hinder him during the thirteen years he was writing his “History of Frederick the Great.” His housemaid is said to have kindled the fire with the original manuscript of

his "French Revolution." Undismayed he wrote it again.

It is important to distinguish clearly between the limp wishing for success and having a definite, clear-cut mental pattern of the object to be achieved. Wishing will bring things to pass only to the extent that it may inspire and energize you to go after them. In fact, success never comes anywhere of its own accord. It must be fetched; and usually you bring it in by the nape of the neck. But those who cannot conceive success cannot believe in success; and those who expect failure will find such results as justify their expectations. Our capacity for achievement is exactly measured by our ability to imagine. If your rain barrel was originally constructed to hold forty gallons of water, the rain clouds may send one hundred gallons into it, but it spills out every drop beyond its capacity. It is true we may visualize without realizing we are taking a chance; but if we expect to realize without visualizing, there is no chance to take.

The greater men about us are greater in their mental methods. They have learned to expect in larger units. The man who earns a salary of ten thousand dollars, twenty-five thousand dollars, or fifty thousand dollars a year is excited no more over the size of his monthly check than the detail clerk who thinks in the unit of fifteen dollars a week. The speed of an average typist is probably fifty

words a minute; but the world's champion writes one hundred and forty-three. His typewriting ideal is pitched in a higher key. The operation becomes somewhat automatic, but if the mental blueprint gets befogged coördination ceases and the fingers lose their cunning. Imagination is to realization as cause to effect. Every achiever has been an adept in photography. He has recognized and utilized that wonderful motion picture camera that nature has set upon his shoulders. The lenses of that camera are far more wondrous than those of ground crystal and are usually exposed. We cannot force the shutters as with an ordinary camera, but we may save film by turning away from the mental object we do not wish to photograph; or we may refuse to develop those instantaneous snaps which fly in when we may think the shutters are down. Better still, we may focus the camera upon the subject of our heart's desire, first being sure that the subject is one which will take well; one that will not only develop for our immediate pleasure but also for our future profit.

Some men may be said to be almost without ideals. They possess a certain sense of the dramatic, a knack for sitting back in the last row and watching others pass across the theater of life. They can see the romantic, the spectacular, the possible in other people's lives, but are without capacity for standing aside betimes to see themselves go by. A great editor says:

Take a pencil and mark down four periods in your life, say five years apart, and you will find your position in life will correspond closely, each period, with what you were thinking about at the time.

Do you think for one instant that your body will be sent by destiny into some fat position, while your mind wallows in the sinkhole of society, in the dark corners of crime, in debauch, in despair?

Seeing is more than believing. It is oftentimes habit. To possess a thing we must sometimes become that thing. All of the inhabitants of Hawthorne's New England village had seen the Great Stone Face, but only Ernest contemplated it constructively, visualized it, observed it. Of all the thousands who had heard the story of the real coming of the Titanic countenance, only this lad anticipated it as a real event. Ernest came to possess the Great Stone Face because he himself in long years of worshipful imagination had acquired the attributes and image of his ideal. What we earnestly aspire to be, that we, in some measure, already are; what we deeply desire to possess, we have in some degree already acquired. If we are possessed of an ideal it must be because we have in us the possibility of it. God does not put into the wild geese the instinct to go south in winter without a South to go to. He did not inspire Columbus to sail without a San Salvador on which to land. "We may see our ideals as surely as a sculptor sees the finished face in the rough

marble even before he has taken up the chisel; as truly as the artist's composite view grows in his mind before the paints are mixed.” So with all progress and accomplishment; first the ideal, then the real.

One of the strongest patterns outlined in my own mind was a long while materializing. It was etched upon my mind as a lad of twelve growing up in Kentucky. Our nearest trunk-line was distant by a day's journey. The county in which I lived was my world and a village of one thousand souls was its capital and its metropolis. My North and South Poles were on the same street — one ran off the schoolhouse and the other the courthouse. On our main street was the county's only bank, and in the president's office was the county's only roll-top desk. From the hour I first laid my eyes upon it, the enchantment was enslaving. Once, when selling a newspaper to this money king, I had dared to raise and lower its folding mechanism and my imagination continued the operation far into the night. I began to visualize the future in the terms of a roll-top desk; not that I considered it as a necessary means to the proper filling out of my life's pattern, but rather as the end of it — the complement of all success. From my mother's millinery shop I secured an old-fashioned spool case, which, thanks to rare flights of imagination, I improvised into my first roll-top desk. This mechanical success was achieved only to find a

roll-top desk of little consequence in the absence of mail to be answered from it or filed away in its pigeonholes. This handicap was short-lived, for a traveling man who shared my confidence was quick to suggest that I would find in the mail-order houses of New York and Chicago prolific correspondents. I recall the day my postal cards were sent to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Montgomery Ward, and J. Lynn, asking them to put me on their mailing lists for catalogues, circular letters, etc. Soon I began to receive all the mail I could answer. We had in our town what we called a tri-daily mail service, — that is, the train ran around the foothills to the trunk-line every morning and *tried* to get back that night. That train never came in late enough to find me in bed. I was always at the Post Office with the village merchants, waiting for my mail; moreover, I took it home, spread it out on my roll-top desk, and answered it with all the promptness of a man who had money with which to buy. My friends said that I was spending all my time and postage for nothing, because I could not buy anything. Years later, upon reaching New York and taking possession of my first roll-top desk, I found how true it was to the mental pattern, and I looked back upon that investment of time and money as the best one I had ever made. While I was improvising my roll-top desk they were making the real thing in Herkimer or Grand Rapids. While I was dictating imaginary letters to imagin-

ary stenographers, girls were going to school in New York, getting ready to take dictation.

Thus my roll-top desk became the reminder of one of life's most valued lessons — that I am always seeing what I look for. My roll-top desk had been “seed corn” which sent in an abundant harvest on the first incoming ship. Since that day I have taught myself to expect nothing for which I cannot construct the concrete mental pattern. My roll-top desk taught me that there really should be few disappointments and no surprises for him who orders his mental life; that every great career has had an air-castle stage; that the world's greatest empire builders first ran toy trains over toy railroad tracks. One of life's best hours was when the drayman moved that roll-top desk into my home study. The pigeonholes are all carefully labeled, the largest one being assigned to Bills Receivable, which are “My Ships.” And just there where my eyes take occasion to turn oftenest I have pasted these lines:

If the mariner's wise he looks in the skies
 To see what he is about;
 And he never expects any ships to come in
 If he hasn't sent any ships out.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Distinguish constructive imagination from **limp** wishing or day dreaming.

2. If you could have any position you wished what would it be?

3. Have you carefully studied the talents, education, and general equipment of a man who occupies the position of your heart's desire? Does your room contain his photograph and your library the story of his life and work?

4. How does the power of imagination relate to your capacity for achievement?

5. What is the largest salary you have really planned to earn?

6. Are you spending as much as thirty minutes a week in contemplating your ideal as Ernest contemplated the Great Stone Face?

7. If to-morrow by some turn of good fortune the position you have long desired were thrust upon you would you have the presence of plan to command it?

8. Have you ever looked into the starry sky and thought that "the face of nature would not be so serene and beautiful if man's destiny were not equally so?"

9. Do your friends ever glimpse your plans and ideals?

10. Do you believe that thoughts are things?

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THE STANDARD BEARER

If the populace marched in file, 'twere my signal to break from the ranks; if a thousand generations did things thus and so, 'twere my cue to do otherwise.

Sunrise had come on the second morning at Gettysburg. A fragment of what had been the South's fairest manhood arose from a night of suffering and death in answer to an ultimate trumpet call, eager to pay its last full measure of devotion. The left wing of the Confederacy was advancing on Little Round Top following after Slocum, that courageous Dixie son, who was bearing forward the emblem of a losing cause. The commander seeing, as he thought, that the colors were getting too far in advance of the soldiers, hailed Slocum and ordered him to bring the flag back to the regiment. But Slocum shouted over his shoulder, "No, Commander, you bring the regiment forward to the flag!" In every important movement since history began, whether for the emancipation of a race, the establishment of a new religion or a new education — whatever has been the issue, we have had the story of Slocum and his regiment: the figure of the stampeding army eager to follow lines of least resistance, spurred on by the inspired custodian of the colors.

When the French retreat had reached the Marne, General Joffre instructed his subordinate officers in immediate command of two million soldiers along a two hundred mile battle front that the time for retreat had passed, and that an offensive should begin. These two million men, in whose hearts and upon whose guns rested the destiny of France and the democracy of the world, were commanded to advance as long as possible, then hold and, when they could hold no longer — die. At the close of the second day of this, the world's most decisive battle, General Foch, in command of Joffre's center, sent him the greatest military dispatch in history: "My center gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack." General Foch's attack forced the retreat of the Crown Prince and drove the Huns from the very gates of Paris.

But all heroes are not warriors. Every field and profession has its standard bearers and crusaders. In the world's market places perpetual contests are waging and only those are decorated who carry messages to Garcia. Mr. McKinley is dead and the Spanish-American War is over, but your opportunity is not lost. You do not need to be a soldier in the army; you do not need to be a student in a military school; to-morrow, next week, and next year, in every city in the United States, young men and young women, bookkeepers and stenographers, are going to be asked if they will not carry a message to Garcia. Perhaps the distance will involve only a trip

to a dictionary or the encyclopedia. It may be the hazardous task of taking off a trial balance in the absence of the head bookkeeper. It may mean to dictate an important business letter in the absence of your employer. In whatever guise this chance may present itself you had better entertain it carefully. It may carry with it world-wide significance for you; it may be your opportunity to take a message to Garcia. Will you take it or will you say, "Excuse me; I am just the ordinary bookkeeper; I am just the ordinary stenographer; I cannot do any more than I am paid for, and I do not expect to be paid for any more than I do"?

In a recent issue of a business man's magazine, this test of initiative was cited:

You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request:

"Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio." Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get the wrong book.

The world's workers have always been divided into two classes — those who lead and those who follow — men who keep in the beaten track and those who leave it to blaze their own trail. It is a mistaken idea to think that one needs to invent a revolutionary mechanical device in order to do something original. The world's greatest masters of to-day are those men who are learning mightier ways of doing simpler things. If you did not invent the flying machine, possibly you can improve it. Perhaps you can write an old story from a new point of view, or do an old task in a strangely interesting way. A few years ago a cowboy on the western plains learned the common task of lassoing. He plied his trade with ordinary dexterity and was paid the customary wage of thirty dollars a month and his keep. It occurred to him to excel in his calling and to become a master of the lasso. As soon as he had learned to do the old task in an extraordinary way the world's spotlight fell upon him, and to-day he throws the lasso from the vaudeville stage at one thousand dollars a week.

Genius is oftener a matter of sheer hard work than of inspiration. Thomas Edison follows a working schedule that disqualifies him for member-

ship in every labor union on earth. After years of close application and industry, Luther Burbank married the strawberry to the blackberry and made their children resemble neither father nor mother. From the same toiler came the spineless cactus regenerated and robbed of individuality. Each of us has been fashioned for an individual work. As the sands of the seas and the leaves on the trees are unlike, so are men when we come to analyze their abilities and their possibilities. Haddock says: "Every human being is intended to have a character of his own; to be what no other is; to do what no other can." Why be content with the life of the satellite? You were intended to be your own sun. In every man there is a nontransferable idea, a knack which can never pass current unless indorsed with the trade-mark of his own handiwork. Standardization is based on group tests, but fresh wisdom is the result of specialization. We waste precious moments lamenting that there are so many things we cannot do, instead of rejoicing in and concentrating upon the thing we are doing.

If you are in earnest, seize this very minute.
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.

In Utah there is a man who has recently added a thrilling chapter to the ever expanding volume, "Doing the Impossible." When Daniel C. Jackling was eighteen years old he was a farm hand earning fifteen dollars a month. At forty he was a million-

aire, and had made every copper engineer and producer in both hemispheres ask, "Who is Jackling?" He made the largest mine in the world out of a mountain that was thought to be only worthless porphyry, thereby adding a half million pounds of cheap copper to the world's annual supply. By a process of his own, which had been rejected by the metallurgical experts of America as too silly to try, Jackling gets a pound of copper from ore "so lean that its ribs stick out," and he produces this copper two cents cheaper than it can be produced in Butte, the copper capital of the world. When this young man of thirty had dreamed out and worked out something new, he naturally turned to the recognized wizards in the field of mining engineering. He early secured their interest in his scheme for reducing refractory ore which resists the cyanide process. The great Mercur mine in Utah had been abandoned because of the impossible character of its refractory ore. Jackling, after wrestling with the problem single-handed, asked a metallurgist why, by a certain process, he could not bake the ore before putting it into the cyanide tanks; whereupon this wizard is said to have replied: "Why not boil an egg to hatch it? Why not freeze ice cream with live coals? Why not be elected on a Republican ticket in Louisiana?" But the inspired Jackling went on his way as becomes a true standard bearer. He hurdled the accustomed number of doubting Thomases that obstructed his path of thought.

The period of his trials was long drawn out, but through it all he carried high the courage of his great ambition, and planted at last the flag of a new truth on the rock of firm achievement.

Before rejecting our inspirations or stifling our ambitions it is well to contemplate that fresh truths and new principles are discovered first single-handed — the multitude comes later. Majorities come always from minorities. The Golden Rule was a long time in arriving because its original practitioner got such a late start. He waited for the self-reformation of others instead of moving out himself. A hundred standard bearers of any righteous cause, scattered over the world in one generation, may become a million in the next; and then quickly follows a world-wide transformation. Public opinion crucifies first, then tolerates, then sanctifies. To be a leader in any movement one must cultivate the habit of backing his own judgment; he must not vacillate between two opinions. He must storm the situation and stand by his guns; for if after having once set out for a certain port, he should change his course, he will later have misgivings as to the wisdom of his change, thereby losing confidence in himself and sacrificing his goal. The emphasis of the heart cannot be wrong; whoever is right stands in the majority; whoever is right in principle and ambition may be a standard bearer.

He who has not studied the evolution of a Belasco play has missed one of the most valuable lessons to

be learned from perseverance that brought individuality and leadership to modern art. The exceeding popularity of one of Belasco's recent comedies, "The Boomerang," caused a great deal of comment. Theatergoers who were impressed by the spontaneity and ease with which it seemed to have been written, were surprised to learn that when this play was submitted to Mr. Belasco in what its authors thought was complete form, they were required to spend two years in revising it, and had to rewrite it completely three times. America's greatest play producer says that the greater part of his success he attributes to his feeling for and painstaking study of colors translated into effects of light. He says that their effects have sometimes been imitated by other producers with considerable success but that he does not fear such encroachment. "It may be possible for others to copy my colors but no one can get my feeling for them." The light effect on his stage has been secured only after years of experiment, and at an expense which many other producers would consider ridiculous. Once he spent five thousand dollars attempting to reproduce the delicate hues of a sunset and then threw the scene away. When he produced "The Girl of the Golden West," he experimented three months to secure exactly the soft, changing colors of the California sunset over the Sierra Nevadas, and then turned to another method. Mr. Belasco said it was a good sunset,

but not a California sunset. These experiments have always been an interesting part of his work, although they have been perplexing and sometimes most baffling. "It is no easy matter," says Belasco, "to indicate the difference between the moon and the stars of a Japanese night and the fanciful moon and stars of fairyland, but there is a difference which an audience must be made to feel without detecting the mechanism, just as one is conscious of the heat, yet does not see it on entering a warm room." It was Mr. Belasco's talent for taking infinite pains that made him a genius and master in his line. Other directors had been satisfied with good sunsets; Mr. Belasco demanded and produced the "California Sunset."

There are, then, two lines along which leadership or individuality may manifest itself — by originating an idea, or by improving one already brought forth. Either achievement requires that you deviate from beaten thoroughfares and travel trails of your own blazing. All standard bearers are iconoclasts, but eventually the regiment comes forward to the flag.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What, for you, is the most helpful thought of this chapter?
2. Contrast the qualities of leadership and of statesmanship. Illustrate both.
3. Who, in your opinion, has commanded or is commanding the largest and most permanent following of

the American people? What seems to have been or to be the secret of his power?

4. What is the difference between courage and bravery? Give an example of both.

5. When asked to perform a given task by your superior officers, do you search your own soul and mind before asking questions?

6. Do you consider that the only help that strengthens and endures is self-help? Why?

7. Does public opinion always promote progress? Why? Illustrate.

8. Have you inventoried your mental tendencies and established clearly your line of least resistance? Is your present vocation coinciding with, or running counter to, this line?

9. Have you learned to disregard the doubts and fears expressed by those who can really know very little about your strong points?

10. Are you striving to join that large army of standard bearers whose originality consists in doing small things in a large way?

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TIDES OF LIFE

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

— SHAKESPEARE

It was natural that the immortal bard writing on the banks of the Avon and within the ocean's call should interpret life in terms of the sea. In his day it was scarcely a figure of speech to describe life as a voyage. Only sixty years before the poet-playwright was born Columbus had conquered the deep, and his journey across the Atlantic became the most alluring adventure of the world. The Occident was calling loudly to the Orient, and Aladdin's cornucopia awaited those with the courage to fare forth. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock four years after Shakespeare had embarked "on that sea whose waves bore the image of no returning sail." Yet to-day we have found no better, no more perfect way of visualizing the human struggle and conquest of mankind than through the eyes of the bard of Avon. The seven seas have been charted, and in times of peace science makes the deep less hazardous than the land.

Shakespeare's figure holds true — there is still a tide in the affairs of men. In fact, there are tides, many of them, in the experience of every man who

is privileged to voyage far on the sea of life. Shakespeare spoke of flood tide, the big chance, the one psychological moment for setting sail; and he even said that unless one got off on that particular swell of the sea his adventure was lost. Modern philosophers, noting the experience of "men who have made America," refute this philosophy and tell us not to worry if the tide has gone out, as it is quite sure to come in again. This assurance rests securely upon aquatic science and figuratively it squares with twentieth century biographies. Shakespeare was not reading the future but was recording the truth of his own period. The difference is a matter of time-tables. The seventeenth century passenger who failed to take passage on the *Mayflower* was probably down and out before he could get another sailing. In those days "setting sail" was indeed the event of a lifetime, and the new world was four months away. Now, every sea is flecked with venturesome craft, and New York and Liverpool are only six days apart.

In analyzing our greatest captains of industry and finance we find very few experiences where men have capitalized the "flood time" and made straight to port without drifting betimes between flow and ebb. The earnest travelers along the highway of success have not voyaged in an unbroken course, but have journeyed rather by systematic stages, marking and resetting their mileposts at epochal places. Barry Pain, the humorous philosopher,

has said: "There are so many pleasant halting places this side of perfection I have a great tendency to get out at the next station."

A lad, wading in the creek that marked the corporate limits of the village in which he lived, often watched heavily loaded log wagons as they wended their way slowly and uncertainly up the long hill that led to the village. Near the brow of that hill there was a halting place, a plateau that nature had fashioned out, and on this plateau the driver would always halt that his wheel horses might stretch in the harness and take an easy breath before essaying the last lap of the hill. For most of the successful travelers over life's highway there have been many such stopping places, points where they have set the emergency brake to take inventory of stock in trade and to measure their strength against the increase in the climb. All about us we may see drivers that are halting on the hill; while some, well up toward the brow, have paused for breath, but are afraid to halt too long lest the distance already gained fill them with dismay at what they must still achieve.

Too many men forsake their designs when they are within hailing distance of the goal, but brave hearts achieve victory through the courage to risk one milepost for the next. The conditions of conquest are nearly always the same — we toil awhile, endure betimes, but believe always, and never turn back. No road seems too long or too rugged for the traveler

who advances deliberately, one milepost at a time, one day's march following another in orderly succession. That which grows slowly is oftentimes more enduring, systematic progress lending itself to solidarity. If we compare a single brick, a foundation stone, or even the first story to the complete design of a great skyscraper, we are overwhelmed by a sense of their disproportion, yet the composite of every petty material and operation was necessary in the slow materializing of the blueprint. Mighty achievements are wrought not so much by superior strength as by the power to endure, enlarging our mental patterns the while, or repairing and readjusting them to their original proportions.

It has been said that he who walks three miles a day will have covered in seven years a path equal to the diameter of the earth. Should the same traveler essay to shorten the task by doubling the day's march, he may make a brilliant start, but will sacrifice his goal. It is, of course, wise to know opportunity when you meet her face to face, but it is a rarer wisdom that guides us to forego a temporary advantage for the ultimate larger good. Whoever has studied the national pastime is well schooled in the art and value of sacrifice. The crowning achievement of the game is the "Home Run" and he who can produce it is the hero of the hour. Whichever batter hits for less carries a crunched ambition in his bosom. The very feel of his bat

tantalizes him and dares him to his utmost strength. Why not one supreme effort and have his try over with? But for the moment he is crucified by science, the science of good baseball. His manager earns a huge salary because he is a careful student of the relative values of the game. He too is a great admirer of the "Home Run" but he has studied it closely in its relation to the law of average. So he directs the giant batter with a 4 H. P. swing to hold his bat in front of the ball hoping it may rebound only a few paces before him thereby advancing a man from first to second. That he may sacrifice, for the time being, his own right to live is of slight consequence and fully discounted in the order. The important thing is that the man who is one quarter started may course the bases in orderly progression and score. Winning the game is not a matter of giant muscle, of spectacular brute force; it is a matter of mental and physical consistency — the bases must be taken in the order of their importance, First, Second, Third, Home. The player who contributes most toward a pennant and his batting average, makes a nice, clean hit and runs. When he reaches the first milepost he takes a deep breath and sets himself for the second whither the slightest advantage will release him to complete the circle. He absolutely refuses to "die on third." He knows the distance between third and "Home" as the distance between failure and success; in baseball it's eternity.

Winning in the game of life is quite the same. Success consists not in getting away on the first great swell of the sea with never a calm, never a halt, never a plateau where the mileposts are set in for our inspection and marking. Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps," but he scaled them on the installment plan. And thus it has been the glory of the victorious in fields of war and peace to advance and overcome, and when they have overcome a great obstacle to fashion it into an instrument for achieving new conquests. Every plateau along the highway of life should be distinctly marked, "Cable crossing; do not anchor!" You may pause for breath and inventory, but the rising sun should bring a fresh perspective. Do not halt enough to acquire the habit of inaction of either body or mind. A brief sojourn in these epochal places will hearten and strengthen us against the final try when we reach the head of the stretch where the turn comes for the home-running. But you must not lose the North Star out of your perspective. Do not become sorry for yourself when the last steep ascent silhouettes itself against the horizon. Pat O'Brien's escape from German captivity was one of the miracles of the war. After having played hide and seek with German pickets for weeks in the occupied portions of Belgium, he was more dead than alive from exhaustion and starvation. When on the last lap of his journey to freedom, he discovered that he had traveled a whole day directly

away from the Holland border and back toward the German lines. He sank to the earth completely spent. When he awoke night had covered him with a bright, spangled sky out of which the North Star was shining like a huge diamond. To this friendly beacon O'Brien whispered: "You want me to get to Holland, don't you? But this Pat O'Brien — this Pat O'Brien, who calls himself a soldier — he's got a yellow streak — North Star — and he says it can't be done! He wants me to quit — to lie down here for the Huns to find me and take me back to Courtrai — after all you've done, North Star, to lead me to liberty. Won't you make this coward leave me, North Star? I don't want to follow him — I just want to follow you — because you — you are taking me away from the Huns and this Pat O'Brien — this fellow who keeps after me all the time and leans on my neck and wants me to lie down — this yellow Pat O'Brien wants me to go back to the Huns!"

No man gets far on his way without great weariness of soul, but "happy is he who rests where there are living springs of water and three score and ten palms."

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Name four natural epochs in the life of the average individual.
2. Why was it quite natural for Shakespeare to speak of life as a voyage and to suggest that there is a tide in the affairs of men?

3. Select from among your own acquaintances, if you can, a successful man or woman whose experience seems to have been in marked contrast to the thought of this chapter. Tell why.

4. Cite the best of your experiences in support of this chapter.

5. How do you reckon the age of a tree? In what way is this question related to this chapter?

6. Using salary increase as the basis of measurement, how many mileposts have you passed on the highway of success?

7. Do you realize that the word "recreate" means to re-create and that no man can afford to be idle until he has learned to make the hours of his rest more fruitful than the hours of his toil?

8. Do you ever mistake motion for progress and energy for efficiency?

9. Have you shown due courage in risking one milepost for the next?

10. Are you profiting by the experience of Lot's wife?

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UNLISTED ASSETS

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER

The earth's most dependent paupers live in bank books and strong boxes; the exchequer is the largest slaveholder in the world. The highest priced editorial writer in America has recently estimated that the people of the United States are distributed about as follows:

90 % trying to make money, thinking of little else and envying those who have money.

7 % despairing of making money and bitterly envying those who have money.

3 % thinking of earnest useful effort apart from money, like the noble Agassiz who said he hadn't time to make money.

While there is no way of verifying these percentages, the greatest chance for error lies in the liberality of the three per cent. This unhealthy state is due to a false idea of wealth. In Lapland, a man's wealth is measured by the number of his reindeer; in America, by the number of his automobiles. Therefore, the ninety per cent are striving to become millionaires, notwithstanding the assurance of the statistician that a person has sixteen

chances of being killed by lightning to one of being worth a million dollars.

There can be no more false conception of success than to visualize it in terms of money. While success is a matter of relativity and point of view and while to be without money means to sacrifice many of the worth while things of life, nevertheless success is not money. Every man should render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and demand a like portion in return. There is no honor in being poor, and the day is fast approaching when readjusted economic conditions will make poverty as we have it to-day unnecessary and unknown. Another chapter of this book has been devoted to the necessity of putting aside a competence for old age, and yet we should not dignify money by calling it success. Some of the worst examples of unhappiness and failure we have in this country to-day come from the so-called idle rich class; men who have devoted their years and energies to amassing great fortunes come to find in the evening of life that money, factories, and farms are many times symbols of encumbrance and unhappiness. We are often made to pity the poor little rich man who sees what a powerless thing money is in the making of real happiness and who finds that, after all, those things that are most worth while in life cannot be purchased with coin of the realm. Poverty is youth's stock in trade — "the spur that has sent many a lame colt past fatter flanks and first under

the wire." The experience of Americans who have arrived clearly demonstrates that in the struggle of life it is unnecessary that we should have anything to start *with*, but imperative that we should have something to start *for*. Many men labor not for money but for the joy of achievement, the pleasure of creating or developing something. Of the fifty most widely known and successful business men only nine were born into rich families. The world has always been too busy to build a single monument to immortalize a man only for money-making, nor has history long preserved a place for such a man. Herbert Kaufman writes: "Money has no power in the hereafter. Fame is not a competitor of Dun or Bradstreet. She publishes a different kind of book. She prints no record of what men secrete — her pages are open only to those who create — her ratings are not based upon what they have but what they have done."

The real test of a man's financial power is to find where he keeps his money. If he deposits it in the bank he may be said to possess riches; if in his heart, riches may be said to possess him. "For every man reminds his money as it passes through his hands. The manner in which he hoards it or spends it gives to it a fresh coinage."

The ultra-rich are often spoken of as selfish men, yet I should not so regard them. The only real human motive is intelligent self-interest, and on

this basis altruism is impossible. The first impulse that distinguished man from the lower order of life was a selfish impulse. It was the idea of defending himself, of enlarging himself and extending himself. Every advancement of the race, collective and individual, has been the result of true selfishness. But many of the ultra-rich cannot see that there is a noble sort of selfishness, a fine kind of egoism. A rich man gives fifty thousand dollars to the American Red Cross fund and asks the committee not to associate his name with the donation. Oftentimes the world calls such a man unselfish; to me that man is practicing the very highest and truest form of selfishness, for, while his right hand may not know what his left is doing, he is enriching his conscience beyond measure. In the last analysis all values rest on a spiritual basis. That is why the heroes and martyrs of all ages have gone out gladly to meet their opportunities. The road to Calvary has become a beaten path. Coningsby Dawson, one of the great heroes and writers of the great war, said: "There is no doubt that the call for sacrifice and perhaps the supreme sacrifice can transform men into nobility of which they themselves are unconscious. That is the most splendid thing of it all — that they are unaware of their fineness. We can only die once and the chief concern is not when but how. We 'Go West' in the supreme moment." Such a glorious prophecy could reveal itself only to those who have laid their

self-interest upon an immortal foundation, who have accepted life as a span of years and the grave as a milestone that must inevitably be passed in an unending adventure of readjustments and improvements. If to give up is to take up, such a hero has sown for an eternal harvest, and "happy is he whose death day finds him giving a measure of devotion that reflects the glories of the human race."

It seems strange, then, that so many men will allow their self-interest to rest upon a financial basis, taking all inventory of life in terms of money, and giving to a dollar a mind and heart value out of all proportion to the worth while things it will purchase. Henry Ward Beecher refers to such a man as a "world-made man." In the very great epoch of materialism which has just closed in America, world-made men were tolerated. It required five thousand dollars to build such a man to his knees, ten thousand dollars to his loins, fifty thousand dollars above his heart, and one hundred thousand dollars to put him in the financial "Who's Who." But often such men possess no great wealth of talent, no great wealth of honor, no great wealth of service. They have only a rare fiscal skill, a knack for making money without earning it and without being able to give it its relative place in the scheme of values. Many such men fail to recognize that they are accumulating impedimenta against the day when life's ship will need to be lighter for the voyaging of strange seas, and they

hold a dollar so close to the physical eye that it obscures the perspective of true earthly values.

A few such men, money laden, but with a faint urge of conscience still calling, have heard the war cry of our nation and have placed their talents for organization and command on the altar at Washington without pay. Such service is as manna to the spiritually starved, and with their voluntary labor comes the sweet consciousness that humanity and historians remember better those who give than those who get. Life is a perpetual reflex. Like a rebound of the echo our kind deeds fly back in our faces. Our remuneration is often a hundredfold.

The heights can never be commanded by those whose hearts are forever engaged in the business of gold-gathering. Let money-making be an incidental affair of the head and not a usurpation of the heart. The best reason ever advanced for accumulating money is that it enables one to forever cease from thinking about money. But this reason fails to justify itself in practice. Money-making, once it becomes an affair of the heart, ceases to be a profession. It takes on the nature both of a vocation and avocation. As a pastime habit it smothers out ideals and humanities, and like a snowball it enlarges by sticking to everything in its path. Soon life, which is meant to be an orderly progression, degenerates into a mad race for money in which we are more likely to find ourselves wearing the bit than the reins. Far richer is he who travels peace-

fully along the highway of life, not too busy to live and love as he journeys, regarding the appreciations of the heart rather than studying the depreciations of ledgers and bank books.

Charles Lounsbury by self-appraisal was a millionaire, although he died some years ago in an almshouse in Cook County, Illinois. In early life he had been a lawyer and after his burial in the potter's field there was found in the pocket of his well-worn coat a remarkable will which, because of its beauty of thought and language, was probated by the Chicago Bar Association and spread on the records of Cook County. The preface of this remarkable document was couched in conventional legal verbiage and followed by this unique statement: "That part of my interests, which is known in law and recognized in sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath."

Following this paradoxical introduction the testator parceled out his unlisted assets to the most logical beneficiaries. To good fathers and mothers in trust for their children he bequeathed "all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require."

To the children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, he left "all and every flower of the field, the blossoms of the woods, the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float over the giant trees."

To the boys jointly he devised "all the idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes one may skate; the meadows, with clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises and all distant places which may be visited together with the adventures there to be found."

To lovers he devised "their imaginary world, the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and all else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love."

To those who are no longer children or youths or lovers he left memory, and he left to them "the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of all other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again." And finally, to the loved ones with snowy crowns he bequeathed "the happiness of old age, the love and honor of their children until they fall asleep."

As a lawyer Charles Lounsbury had arrived at the present worth of men by computing bank balances as required by sheep-bound volumes; as a pauper he had found himself rich in the great out-of-doors of life where the odor of his neighbor's fields, the songs of his feathered friends, and the stars of the skies were the common heritage of mankind. These enriched him beyond the deposits of any bank and without let or hindrance from any levy man. All those possessing eyes and heart like Charles Lounsbury are rich indeed and no such need die intestate, for

The world is mine! No law of man
Has granted yet, nor ever can
Grant ownership in every deed;
For ownership, I hold this creed,
Securely is within the mind;
Outside of it we cannot find
Exclusive rights to things we see;
Appreciation makes them free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Do you believe that Carlyle spoke truly when he said that for every man who can stand success there are one hundred men who can better stand adversity?
2. Name three reasons why a man should not despise money.
3. Do you think that any man by honest fruits of his labor can earn a million dollars?
4. In which percentage group listed in the opening paragraph of this chapter do you belong? Do you think that these classifications are extreme? Why?

5. Give your definition of selfishness. Do you consider John D. Rockefeller a selfish man? Why?

6. Contrast the wealth attitude of Charles Lounsbury with that of Andrew Carnegie.

7. What percentage of your yearly income did you contribute to war or other charities during the last twelve months?

8. Name a resident of your home city whose conduct with regard to money seems most compatible with your standard as outlined in the answer to question No. 6. Tell why.

9. What do you consider the most valuable possession in the world — that is, what contributes most toward the enjoyment and unfoldment of self?

10. In an essay of not more than 250 words outline what you consider a sane attitude toward money. Do not stress the idealistic or altruistic phase more than is justified by true self-values.

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PERSONALITY POWER

When you meet a man for the first time, and carry away with you a vivid impression of a remark, the tone of his voice, and expression of his countenance, and perhaps a memory of a look into his soul, his Personality has played its part and won.

— L. ROY CURTISS

“If that far-off event toward which Creation moves” be the perfecting of human society; if man is the ultimate divine effort at evolution; then Personality is the answer to Henry Drummond’s question, “What is the greatest thing in the world?” After a century of intense study of the materialistic sciences man turns again to psychology as the mother science, the master science, because it treats of the greatest creation of all the ages — man himself.

Darwin wrote the world’s greatest romance in tracing the history of man. In the evolutionary process the human unit stands out unmistakably the greatest in a mysterious setting of worlds and solar systems. The greatest of all scientists began with the earliest life on our planet, tracing it step by step out of the vegetable and up through the animal kingdom. With the coming of the ape the budding man began to throw off his brutal qualities and follow human instincts and ideals — always

upward. From that far-away day when our anthropoid ancestor first "raised an issue and rendered a decision," the ape-man has been in the process of becoming a person, and the last transition in his evolutionary triumph has been from person to personality.

The pivot of every movement in history has been a great personality — as Christ and Christianity, Plato and philosophy, Dante and the Renaissance, Luther and the Reformation, Alexander and world dominion, Cromwell and democracy, Columbus and America, Lincoln and emancipation. The life and history of every nation are written in the biography of its personalities.

What is personality? Within the purpose of this chapter we treat the word in its universal application, rather than relate it to such outstanding heroes as have just been mentioned. For, after all, those men who write episodes into the history of nations are individualities as well as personalities. They are unique, being earmarked with the individualizing trait or talent that defies classification. Personality is a more democratic word. Individuality suggests the unsocial personality, the social. There is a high type of genius that creates in silence and seclusion, like the inventor and the poet, but personality never develops behind closed doors. It is born out of the very contact of man with man. It feeds on the multitude. The ability to attract people is the climax of personal power.

Personality is the very ego of man. It is more than character. It is his character forcefully expressed. You may have character without personality, but you cannot have personality without character; for personality is the complement of all we are. We cannot radiate qualities that we do not possess.

What made Charles M. Schwab one of the best beloved of men in the world? Personality, founded upon genuine sympathy for humanity. What made "Papa" Joffre the universal idol when he visited America? Personality, ripened in a liberty-loving country.

A short time ago the great Chase National Bank of New York went up into New England and brought back Eugene V. R. Thayer, then only thirty-six years of age, and made him president of one of America's biggest financial institutions. When Chairman Wiggins was asked why he had selected the young man, "personality" was the first word that fell from the great financier's lips. Thus, as you follow the history of successful men of all ages, you find that they have conquered obstacles and capped the climax of their ambitions by the expression of their personalities.

And this quality of personality is not always a gift of the gods, but may be an acquired asset. Alexander H. Revell, one of Chicago's greatest merchants, says: "I believe that personality is largely a matter of cultivation. A man may have

certain abilities and characteristics which are useless because he has not trained them to work for him." Within the experience of the average person a winning personality may be achieved by a careful study of two things — dress and address. These assets are listed in their chronological order, rather than in order of their importance, for the first impression taken ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is an eye impression.

After coming personally in contact with many thousands of young men and young women seeking employment in New York, I am convinced that the most successful among them have made a careful study of the mirror. Advertising experts have discovered that properly dressed advertisements, those that are pleasing to the eye, sell about twice as many goods as the same words in an unattractive attire. Every man must be a well-dressed advertisement of his wares, which are his services or his ideas, offered for sale in a highly competitive market.

Hundreds of men and women are failing because they have not learned to look as good as they actually are.

Our large mail order houses spend hundreds of thousands of dollars a year that the packages they place in the mails may be attractively tied, insuring a favorable first impression upon the recipients. How, then, can a young man or woman afford to tolerate that attire which grossly misrepresents the

superior brand of manhood and womanhood which he or she is offering for sale? Employees may be adept in self-advertising; they must cultivate those personal artistries that will cause them to blend with the environment of a well-groomed business office, as motion pictures blend one with the other. Many fifty-fifty personalities fall short of the one hundred per cent mark in seeking to sell their services because they forward their merchandise in unattractive wrappers. "The wise employer is as anxious about your external appearance as he is about your internal capabilities."

In analyzing the concrete side of personality we find it not only neglected and underdone, but often abused and overdone. While many take personal appearance for granted, others affect the actor and actress type. When a French orator once said, "There are no ugly women, only those who do not know how to be beautiful," he did not have in mind the art of assembling one's complexion. This type of person usually shows a belabored effort at style. It is quite fitting that she should be stylish. The trouble comes from misinterpreting the term. I like the definition given recently in a tailor's advertisement which said that true style is like a window through which you look without being conscious that it is there; that style doesn't shout, it whispers; that it pats itself neither on the chest nor on the back and it never cries, "Gaze on me," but is modestly content to be just the thing that it is.

Dr. Frank Crane says that you ought to dress exactly as your common sense tells you people expect you to dress, to wear apparel that pleases others rather than yourself; that overdress is vulgar. In other words, extremes in dress are faithful indices of personality. Only the tailor may profitably consider fabrics as stock in trade and drape them strikingly over wax figures in his show window. The wise man with services to sell will avoid making an issue of his clothing. In matters of style he will swim with the current. To dress so that no man gives lingering thought to your clothing, is to find the solution for one of life's most difficult problems.

I have already suggested that appearance is not the whole of personality. Personality has certain intangible, invisible characteristics that no camera can reproduce, for these things are abstract. They are not part of a man's dress — they comprise his address. That is why a great corporation never employs a man for an important position until he has been interviewed. A photograph would reveal his *dress* but not his *address*.

Several other chapters of this book deal with the abstract virtues which reinforce personality, but perhaps no one word in the English language more surely underwrites a man's personality than "enthusiasm," without which Emerson said nothing great is ever accomplished.

Every great triumph, every great evolution, every

great advancement, whether of individual, state, or nation, has been largely the result of enthusiasm. The world has seldom encountered a more irresistible force than that represented by a man facing enthusiastically in the direction of his faith. The man who lives in this country to-day without enthusiasm is sick and needs a physician; the man without hope, without confidence, without an animated faith in things in general and in himself in particular, that man has already begun to die a death more horrifying than that which will separate his soul from his body. No age and no country have provided so many causes for the electricity of hope in the hearts of men as has the twentieth century and America.

Can one fail to be enthusiastic when he contemplates that out of the forty great inventions which have blessed mankind since the beginning, twenty-five have come within his parents' lifetime and many of the greatest within his own day? Can you fail to be enthusiastic when you observe that if you live seventy-five years and improve your opportunities you will live longer and see more than if you had lived a thousand years in any other period of the world's history? You have no right to live in the land of perpetual daylight and strike elbows with Thomas Edison, if you are going to go along with the thoughts and doubts that are native to the age of kerosene. You have no right to step upon an electric car or ride in

an automobile unless your mental processes are as fleet as these.

Enthusiasm is in the spiritual realm what electricity is in the field of the material. Motion and emotion are twin elements and complement each other in the scheme of life. The enthusiastic man is the hopeful man; the hopeful man, the happy man.

Again poise and not pose is one of character's most forceful manifestations. Silence is the trump card that the master personality vitalizes with a rare eloquence. The rich personality, like the deep river, courses along rhythmically. It is unobtrusive, unspectacular. It does not flash, it glows. It never behaves unseemly and is not puffed up. "A large personality exercises a broad judgment and issues orders firmly, but with consideration for the rights and opinions of others. It translates commands into interrogative suggestions and relieves strained situations with a phrase of humor."

The obtrusive personality knows not the gospel of the still small voice, but is prone to perch on the housetop, whence it cries out in commanding tones. In life's parade it selects the rôle of a drum major and must have right of way over all mental thoroughfares. Consideration of others' rights and thoughts would be heresy to the obtrusive personality. The pronouns "I" and "my" are among its chief words, made as indispensable as verbs in all business and social conversation.

Life offers no finer opportunity than that given for transmuting the narrow, petulant person into a full, broad personality, and the inspiration for this transmuting may be drawn from the biographies of those personalities that have been given to us as gold from the crucible.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What is the difference between personality and individuality?

2. What is the relation of character to personality? To what extent do you think personality can be cultivated?

3. Distinguish between the concrete and abstract phase of personality.

4. Which do you regard as the more important in the personality equation, dress or address? Give your reasons.

5. What is your definition of style? Which do you consider the greater handicap — to be gaudily attired or noticeably unkempt?

6. Clip from current magazines or style books two models that you think illustrate the overdone type of personality. Write a treatise of not less than 150 words giving your impressions of these illustrations.

7. Write a treatise of not less than 150 words on the underdone personality type and submit if possible a type illustration.

8. Select from magazines and style books four models illustrating the medium or ideal type of personal attire:

- (a) for a young man stenographer
- (b) for a young lady private secretary
- (c) for a sales manager, age fifty
- (d) for a saleslady of forty.

Give reasons in support of your selections.

9. What percentage of income should a single man or woman earning one hundred dollars a month spend for clothing?

10. Give four reasons why every man should be enthusiastic.

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The Job, the Man, and the Boss — Blackford & Newcomb — Doubleday, Page & Company

Personal Efficiency — I. R. Allen — LaSalle Extension University

Life's Enthusiasms — David Starr Jordan — American Unitarian Association

IDEALIZING THE REAL

If all our misfortunes were laid in one heap whence everyone must take an equal portion, most people would be content to take their own and depart. — SOCRATES

We are lesser men and lesser women because we are constantly comparing ourselves with other individuals who, we think, are more fortunate than we are; who possess a more highly talented equipment; and who have less of handicap and discouragement. We seem to think that since we are not perfect specimens of manhood we cannot hope to achieve anything worth while in life. This means that we are poor students of biographical history.

The world's work in all ages and in all countries has been performed very largely by handicapped and imperfect men and women. We have never had but one specimen of perfect manhood. If you might analyze to-day any man or any woman of your acquaintance — that individual who seems to be ideal — that man or woman who accomplishes the thing that you would like to accomplish in the world; if you could know the secrets of his heart; if you could know the discouragement that he is encountering; if you could know the handicaps that have been his, you would understand and

you would have a much more enthusiastic outlook on your own prospects.

Many great men since the beginning have been handicapped and imperfect. There has been about them some embarrassing incompleteness which may not have been visible to the naked eye, and which may never have been known in the outer circle of their acquaintance, but that incompleteness was there. They did not succeed because of it, but in spite of it.

Character sketches of great men prove abundantly that in America no person need fail because of a percentage of handicap in birth, body, or environment. "Now and then nature seems careless, and lays on the heavy hand of affliction, but almost always with a compensating supernormal touch to the other senses. On the whole she can be counted upon to strike a uniform average and maintain a consistent standard in the human product." In fact, nature has overequipped us. Our senses are keener and more delicate than the demands we ordinarily make upon them, and immediately upon the impairment of one sense the others rush in as first aid to the injured. Thomas Edison, who is quite deaf, has recently said that no existing piece of machinery is more than ten per cent perfect. The human machine, so far as coördination and perfection of its parts go, is alarmingly below par — the average man is said to use less than fifty per cent of his physical power and only ten per cent of his

intellectual power. This low average leaves opportunity for an individual to be deprived of some of the normal assets of nature, and still to carry forward in intense specialization the faculty or sense which remains and which nature has surely reinforced.

Herbert Kaufman, in commenting upon the ravages of war, says: "How much of his body does a man need to earn a living in this year of wheels and wires. For instance: Legs are not requisite at the cigar bench; expert typists never look at the keys; the watchful eye of a supervisor is not hampered by the absence of arms. Why, with telephones, elevators, motor cars, and like couriers and carriers, a respectable remnant of the human frame can overcome most of the handicaps of mutilation. If the head stays intact a missing feature or so isn't necessarily a sentence to dependence."

Not the least modified conception of social and educational service to come out of the war will be an enlightened public opinion regarding the war cripples and disabled men in general. Following past wars nations have undertaken to support in idleness thousands of cripples whose possible productivity had been only partially destroyed. The only callings for which these men were considered fit were those of guarding switches and drawbridges or vending peanuts and shoe laces on the street corners. Largely as a result of the experiments in

Belgium and France the United States is to salvage what in other wars has become human wastage.

As these lines are being written three giant steamers are docking at the port of New York. They bring a cargo of 9,000 of our battle-scarred heroes from France. There are lame and halt and blind among them, but the Federal Board for Vocational Education, intrusted with the responsibility for rehabilitating these men, is teaching us to measure them, not by their infirmities but by their capacities; not by what they have lost but by what they have left. Happily these heroes are to learn that to be disabled does not mean to be unable; that disease and handicap are states of mind which can be modified and mastered by any man who has not lost the will to win.

A recent canvas made by the United States Employment Service of the Ford motor plant in Detroit, developed some wonderfully inspiring statistics in favor of handicapped men. About eighteen per cent of all employees engaged by Mr. Ford at the present time are said to be physically sub-standard, there being in that establishment nearly 700 jobs which can be filled by legless men, over 2500 that can be filled by one-armed men, and 10 that are open to the totally blind. By intelligent survey and standardization the glorious cripples of the great war are to carry on. Not only will they have been our heroes of democracy, but they are to be the artisans of to-morrow's national prosperity.

As the war was intensely personal, so should become all of its by-product lessons. Mrs. Browning did not have a war to emphasize the truth of her words: "The common problems, yours, mine, everyone's, is not to fancy what were fair in living, provided it could be — but finding first what may be, then find how to make it fair up to our means."

Some years ago 40,000 fans were attending the final game of the World's Series between the Giants and the Athletics. While we were watching the preliminary practice a big gate opened in the center of the field and a large limousine drove across the field and parked opposite my seat in the grand stand. Manifestly this car was occupied by a man of prominence and special privileges in the baseball world. Presently the word passed through the grand stand that this was the limousine of John Brush, the owner, organizer, and director of the Giants, an organization that had attracted the admiration of the baseball world. In our minds we had pictured him as a great, robust, stalwart man epitomizing the strength of the wonderful players on his team. Presently the door of the limousine opened and we got a glimpse of John Brush. Our disappointment was keen. This giant we had visualized proved to be a weakling, for we beheld a man of small stature leaning heavily upon his crutches. Throughout this exciting game for the world's baseball championship our minds were toying with the fact of how John Brush, the

invalid, had developed the Giants, the pennant winners. We later learned that for many years he had been a hopeless paralytic and had directed the organization and movements of the great baseball team by wire from his bedchamber. That was the last game of ball that John Brush ever saw. He died shortly afterward, but not until the Giants had won the pennant and the plaudits of the baseball world. And thus the handicapped have often performed. "If it were not so, how would we explain the life of Helen Keller, who is deaf and blind since infancy. How do we account for Robert Louis Stevenson, who never drew a well breath from his body? What would be our answer for Julius Caesar, Daniel Webster, and Saint Paul? These weaklings outlived their doctors to see the world made over after their own ideas."

The happiest and one of the most active boys in our old seminary class had a wooden leg. He was a good ball player, an expert jumper, an all-round athlete, and he is to-day a successful lawyer. His career is one of the most notable of our whole class. When he lost his leg he became an optimist because it gave him a basis of comparison, a true appreciation of his remaining possessions. George H. Sutton, the handless billiardist, is one of America's greatest experts in that game and his mastery of the *massé* excels that of any other billiardist in the world. When he was asked how he came to do such an utterly anomalous thing as to take to

billiard playing when he had no hands, he said: "The subject chanced to be mentioned and somebody said it would be utterly impossible for a man without hands to manipulate a cue; that anyway, he could not by any chance learn to nurse the balls with delicacy, since that required 'wrist motion.' So, as the thing was declared impossible, I determined to do it."

As the photographer develops his prints in a dark room, so does nature often put us through a similar developing process which we do not always understand. Our "thorn in the flesh" comes to stop us oftentimes in our conquest against nature and sets us at work along lines of least resistance. Down in Dallas, Texas, Quentin Corley is county judge, but he probably never would have been if Providence had not taken away both his arms. But he refused to remain armless; he turned inventor and reëquipped his own body. To-day he writes a beautiful hand, dresses and undresses himself, cranks his own automobile; in fact, is quite as artistic as a great many of his fellow men who have never suffered any bodily handicap at all. His inventions have been carefully studied and utilized in rehabilitating the cripples of the world war.

The good are better made by ill
 As odours crushed are sweeter still. } x

It often happens that those very things we classify as nature's liabilities are in truth assets. Things

we deprecate as fatal limitations are our direst need. What we may call handicaps and obstacles may yet prove our final opportunity. Only if we fight on shall we win, making friends with our trials as becomes those persons and things which must always be together. Certainly we must not cry out against them. The Indian boy of fifteen suffered sharp thorns to be fastened under the muscles of his shoulder blades and was then swung into the air and hurled round and round. If he showed courage, kept his face calm and unchanged, and did not cry out in pain, he was accepted as a good warrior. There is nothing so eloquent in character as the attitude one takes toward his limitations. A recent writer says that John D. Rockefeller cannot eat a square meal and Andrew Carnegie cannot spell, (but they do not allow what they cannot do to prevent them from doing what they can do.) In this large and ever-changing world we must leave much important work for others to do. We must rise superior to the need of things that were not intended for us. There is an art of omission, and the Great Artist practiced it against you when he equipped you for an important life's work. It is then for you to be happy and content in your neglect of the work you were not intended to do. "Use that power and possession which is yours like a free man rather than essay in a slavish way that which is beyond your strength." Ultimately it will not matter. We shall see that

what we blindly desired would have been fatal to us, while the very thing we sought so very hard to avoid was indispensable to our higher development. History is replete with biographies of great men who would have been greater had they met early with life's great instructors, obstacle, handicap, and humiliation. There was no guidepost at the forks of the road. Napoleon, as a prisoner at St. Helena, lamented that adversity had been wanting in his career. His Waterloo came too late and the defeat was final. Had he known the crucible of sorrow, trial, and disappointment when he was fighting in Austria in his early military career he might have escaped both Waterloo and St. Helena. Somewhere between the kick-off and life's goal lies the "Happy Valley of Adversity" which we may not bridge over or tunnel under. To seek to avoid it and yet arrive would be like "running from life or dodging the atmosphere." But we may and should demand that we shall not pass through the Valley of Disappointment, of Handicap, without a blessing. "Somehow, somewhere, somewhen, the great sorrow is transformed into a finer strength, broader sympathy, deeper friendship, gentler tolerance, greater charity, and a truer vision of the realities of life." It is then that we shall hark back over the pilgrimage and measure the real equity between nature's assets and liabilities.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Do you accept the text of this chapter as true?
2. Distinguish handicap from difficulty; from hardship.
3. Cite three illustrious characters who made great contributions to the world in spite of personal handicap.
4. Name three Americans of renown who endured and surmounted great personal hardships.
5. Tell something of the life and work of a man or woman of your personal acquaintance who seems to have accomplished much in the face of great difficulty.
6. What was Paul's "thorn in the flesh"?
7. How has the World War modified our consideration of, and attitude toward, the cripple?
8. Are you holding or choosing your position with due regard for physical weaknesses and temperamental idiosyncrasies?
9. Value your legs at ten, your arms at ten, your eyes at twenty-five, your ears at fifteen, your heart at fifteen, your lungs at twenty, your voice at five and estimate the percentage of your abnormality. Contrast your average with that of Helen Keller.
10. What is the most inspiring thing that you have found in the life of Miss Keller?

Books Recommended for Reading

- When We Forget the Equity — William G. Jordan
— Fleming H. Revell Company
- Story of My Life — Helen Keller — Doubleday, Page & Company
- Life of Robert L. Stevenson — Graham Balfour — Charles Scribner's Sons
- Lame and Lovely — Frank Crane — B. C. Forbes & Company

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Enchantment is ever for things far away
That youth fills with its windows of gold;
While the things we possess and seldom survey
Are the happiest things to behold.

— EDWIN LIEBFRIED

One of the most popular misconceptions is to reckon success as a matter of location. There is something almost uncanny about the respect men pay to rivers, mountains, and cities when they come to visualize success. This localizing of effort and inspiration would be a better tonic oftentimes if applied in the direction of one's native city or state; but alas, it too often fixes itself upon the most distant locality logically unrelated to one's possible accomplishments. Too high a percentage of American youth is in a constant state of locomotion. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is the cross upon which many a young man has been crucified. Ambitions are stifled, energies paralyzed, efforts postponed, awaiting doubtful winds that may or may not bear successward.

Just at sunset a Knoxville-Atlanta train ran into the cotton fields of Georgia. From the observation car we got a close view of an old darky bent with age. As our car whizzed past the old man lifted

his tattered hat from his head and waved it frantically, exhibiting the while a face beaming with happiness. How could he be happy in such an isolated community? Why, perhaps he had never seen New York or Chicago or perhaps even Atlanta. Then we beheld the clean-picked field behind him and we understood. He had come to the end of a perfect day because he was doing what he could with what he had where he was.

One only needs to travel through the West to learn the curse of the wanderlust. Recently a leading business men's organization in one of the principal Pacific Coast cities asked each of its members to arise at roll call and give the state in which he was born. More than seventy per cent of those answering had been transplanted from states east of the Mississippi, while only ten per cent could claim birth in the state in question. Every western city is a community of prodigal sons. Their forefathers turned their backs upon a garden of old-fashioned flowers that the wilderness might become the fertile plain; that civilization's frontier might be advanced from the rising to the setting sun.

They followed the lead of the wagon train
Back to the setting sun;
And the dust clouds lift in the homeward drift
And the East and the West were one.

One of the most interesting placards posted at the Panama-Pacific Exposition said, "Young man,

go east!" and some of the native western sons have gone and are still going east to reclaim farms and orchards deserted by their forefathers when they answered the "Westward Ho!" Society is in an unhealthy state of chasing the rainbow.

He searched the whole world over
To find a four leafed clover,
Which all the while had grown beside his door.

Full many a man has traveled to the four corners searching for the pot of gold when it lay just under the surface soil of his nativity. The Alaskan gold miner who perished in the Yukon while his wife developed an oil well in his back yard in Ohio is scarcely an extreme instance.

A New York lawyer of indifferent success was recounting to a friend the cause that had influenced him to come to the metropolis. "Twenty-five years ago," he said, "I was a successful lawyer in a small southern town where I knew friends and happiness. These I sacrificed that I might bring my children to the city where they would enjoy superior educational advantages. I was especially desirous that my boys might be brought up in the atmosphere of big business. To-day as I grow old not a boy of the three I have reared in New York is earning twenty-five dollars a week." Counter-attractions neutralize urban advantages and no boy so deserves our commendation as the successful fellow to the manner born in a great city.

When Athens was the intellectual and military capital of the world her young men were required to swear: "Thus in all that is wise will we transmit this city, not only not less but greater and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us." The Athenians recognized that environment need not necessarily shape the destiny of man, but that man, on the other hand, should shape his environment. The great philosophers of Greece had discovered that a man's mind was the court of his universe and that only those who had no inner life were slaves to their surroundings. A realization of this teaches us that it is not always, in fact that it is seldom, necessary to take one's self out of a particular environment in order to do a worth while work. The time and place are usually adequate to our needs when we are adequate to our time and place. John Bunyan, exiled in an English prison and thought to be ostracized from the world, drew in through the bars of Bedford jail a larger universe than his captors ever saw and there, with the world for a stage, an eternity for a background, John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress." The court of his mind was the court of his universe.

Uncongenial environment has been as putty in the hands of American stalwarts who have carved out of whatever destiny thrust upon them a life pattern as original and full as their surroundings were uninviting. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has well said: "Thrust an Emerson into any Concord and his

pungent presence will penetrate the entire region. Soon all who come within the radius of his life respond to his presence as flowers and trees respond to sunshine." Of course, Concord did not make Emerson; Emerson made Concord. With his law of compensation and brotherly love he took that little New England village in hand and fashioned it after his own idea. As Emerson wrought in the realm of letters, so have wrought the artist, the artisan, the farmer in the material field of achievement.

The order of the day is to enslave your surroundings, and this is being done as certainly as Franklin attracted the electric spark with the key and the kite string, and harnessed it to do the world's work. A better mouse trap is assembled "Somewhere in the Wilderness" and the beaten path gives way to the automobile and railroads. The map man never sleeps, for almost over night the village becomes a town, the town a city, the city a metropolis. The last is only the lengthened shadow of the first and usually the shadow was cast by one man — the man with an idea. Detroit, one of the most beautiful American cities, was discovered in 1900 by Henry Ford, having been founded two hundred years earlier by Cadillac. If Henry Ford had been cursed with wanderlust, Detroit might to-day be in Jersey City or Brooklyn. At least half a million of its inhabitants, made up of the by-product population of the automobile world, have followed Henry Ford and his gasoline buggy to the ends of the

earth. But the little giant with the mechanical idea determined to democratize the transportation of the world and chose to take root where he was. It was a great day for Michigan when Henry Ford shifted his gaze from seaboard to the Great Lakes. He took the overgrown village of Cadillac and shook life into it, and began building an American city that will never lose the color and character of his work.

The eyes of the fool are on the ends of the earth,
But the rainbow is in the beginning.

Rochester, Minnesota, is the capital of the surgical world, for the Mayo Brothers are the most successful surgeons in America. Dr. Will and Dr. Charles Mayo, sons of a small town physician, were near-sighted when it came to visualizing their world's work. Usually when a country doctor reaches the air-castle stage he begins to turn his mind in the direction of New York and Baltimore, with the idea of turning his feet later. Great surgeons are indigenous to great cities; to transplant one in the open country is extremely difficult. But the Mayos were the exception to the rule. They grew up in the country and therefore needed no transplanting. When Drs. Will and Charles came home from college, Rochester was a city of perhaps 6,000 people. To-day the floating population visiting Dr. Will and Dr. Charles is larger in proportion than the floating population of New York City. In 1917, 45,000

or three times the population of Rochester registered as Mayo patients, and every night a special Pullman of Mayo pilgrims leaves Chicago over the beaten path to Rochester. The Mayos will tell you that your post-office address is the least important thing about you; that a man's real environment is not skyscrapers, smokestacks, and switch engines. A man must live for most part with himself. "Not in the clamor of the crowded street, not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, but in ourselves lies victory or defeat." Whenever we deserve to be heard the world wireless will pick up our messages whatever may be our location. If you are tired of receiving your mail R. F. D. you can connect up with the P. D. Q. railway as soon as your industry warrants a survey. Meantime it will be wise for you to cultivate your present surroundings as if you intend to spend your life where you are, and to accept your everyday duties as an indispensable part of the world's program. Maybe your locality needs a Ford or a Mayo since there are very few places that do not. Wherever you are, your resources, once you get going under your own steam, are limitless. As you read this paragraph there is a banker in your town waiting to be interviewed. His hobby is developing home enterprises and his brass gate swings in to every caller who has a bright home-town idea.

Time is the magnifying glass through which we behold lost yesterdays in the homeland. It has been

my fortune to listen to the melodies of Sousa, but yonder by an old cave stream in the South, high up in the thorn tree where we robbed our first mocking bird's nest — there where we set the impoverished mother bird ascream — we got the shrillest note of agony, yet of harmony, we ever heard; it has been my fortune to travel over the tributaries of the Mississippi and inspect hydraulic projects like Keokuk, yet there by the cave in the youthland I may kneel me down for a drink of crystal water more undefiled than that which filters through the reservoirs of any city. I have visited the rose gardens of California and basked in the artificial floweries of Luther Burbank, but back in my heart's country, 'twixt the cave and the thorn tree, one may pluck a tulip or an old-fashioned "Jack in the Pulpit" scattering incense and pollen of the fairest flower of all the springtime.

A New Yorker writing in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* says:

"When I first came away from Kentucky, the sorrow of severing home ties was partly compensated by the thought that out in the new world things would be different. There would be no assassinated governors; no illicit stills; no feuds; no night riders. The world I had visualized was a Utopian country without strife and bloodshed; where I would encounter good without evil and where success would be achieved along radically different lines from those which had restricted the empire of my youth. A few months wrought a remarkable change in my

viewpoint. When my perspective clarified I saw the old home town in a transcendent brilliancy. To-day my recollection's picture records my native state not as a land of feuds, of illicit stills, of night riders. The Kentucky I know to-day is a land riotous with blue grass and rich in the ripples of sweet song birds; my Kentucky is the birthplace of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, the resting place of Henry Clay; the home of George D. Prentice and the inspiration of Henry Watterson and James Lane Allen. When I might discuss the assassination of Goebel I recount the matchless sacrifice of my native state on the altar of the Civil War; I follow the cruel Mason and Dixon's line as it clipped along uncertainly over the border line of Kentucky — imaginary both in fact and effect. I see the mother as she came to the doorway of the humble cottage, waving the father to the northward and the son to Dixie, praying that God might rest his soul in peace under whichever flag he fell."

What the average man needs to do is to take root; to realize that the city of happiness is a state of mind; that success is not yonder but here; not then but now, and the sun that shines on New York and Chicago is a riot of illumination in the old home town.

For it isn't by money you measure a town
Or the miles that its border extends,
For the best things you gather whatever the town
Are contentment, enjoyment, and friends.

If you live and you work and develop your town
In spite of the fact it is small,
You may find that your town — your own little town —
Is the very best town after all.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Are you a conversational advertiser for "the old home town"? What is its population? Approximately how many people are employed in its principal industry?
2. What is the very best thing you can say about your old home town? What is its most prominent handicap?
3. Did you ever contemplate for as much as an hour, ways and means for securing an offset against that handicap?
4. Are the agricultural resources of the surrounding country at maximum production? Has the Agricultural Department at Washington or your State University made recent analysis and suggestions regarding the fertilizing and improvement of the soil?
5. Have you ever taken a bright idea to a banker in your town and asked him to assist you in its development?
6. Which is the city of your dreams? Why have you visualized it as the city of success? In just what respect does it offer broader opportunities than your home town? Have you compared the cost of living with your probable income in that city? Do you know its death rate? Could you visit almost any metropolitan city twice a year and bring back to the home town many of the seeming advantages that fill you with wanderlust?
7. Have you ever made a survey of foreign capitalists who have come into your community and organized paying enterprises out of ideas that home talent had overlooked?

8. Are you certain there is not a silver mine or a lake of oil in your back yard? Have the waterfalls been harnessed just north of the old swimming hole?

9. Have you ever listed the top-notch professional men who are growing old in your neighborhood? Have you studied these men with the thought that you might understudy them?

10. Are you in love with your home-town people? Have you given them a first-class excuse for being in love with you?

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Acres of Diamonds — Russell H. Conwell — Barton

The Law of Mental Domination — T. E. Dockrill — Commercial Publishing Company

The Lords of Destiny — Samuel McC. Crothers — Houghton Mifflin Company

WINNING WITH WORDS

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. — THE BIBLE

Coleridge said you might as well push a brick out of a wall as to remove a word out of the finished passages of Shakespeare. The word-smith selects his material and constructs his language as a chemist compounds a powerful medicine. Every ingredient must be in the required proportion, and the blending of them must be made with a nice regard for the law of cause and effect. Language is the bridge that separates the animate from the inanimate. Words are so indispensably associated with life as to be an attribute of life. A nation and its language die together.

To make the most of language one must personify it, humanize it. He must objectify himself in words. They must be as much a part of his personality as his eyes or his hair. Indeed, "words are spirit." Mirabeau called them living things. Emerson said that Montaigne's sentences were so vital that if you cut them they would bleed. Joubert declared that Rousseau's words imparted bowels of feeling, while Stedman called Swinburne a tamer of words. Language is the birthmark of the in-

dividual and the pedigree of the nation. "Speak that I may know thee!" and not only that I may know thee, but thy antecedents, associates, and environment. There is no more revealing symbol of character than one's style of speech. It will be recognized by discerning men more quickly than a Roman nose or a cauliflower ear. Nearly every other personality attribute may be treated "while you wait." By a sort of camouflage we may have our physical shortcomings veneered until it is difficult to detect the spurious from the genuine. "An artful tailor or a clever dressmaker can drape an awkward figure until it becomes the glass of fashion or the mold of form." But one's language cannot be put on and off like a garment. It is a thing of depth and no superficial treatment can touch it. When men of good breeding and education fall into ways of crime they quickly adopt the dress and environment of murderers and crooks, but twenty years later they will come into a court room using their mother tongue.

Words are not only the means of expression but the very cause of it. Intelligent, forceful thinking is done in words. Therefore, my thought wealth and my word wealth are collateral possessions. Manifestly I cannot think in words which I do not have. Indeed, thought and expression are twin elements, the relation being so close that it is impossible to cultivate the one without improving the other. Poverty of words means inexactness of

expression. For instance, a man impotent in speech may describe all oscillating movement as "rocking like a cradle"; he is always "tolerably well"; his feet from October to April are "as cold as ice." Dorothy Dix has written: "There are those, for instance, who consider that the word 'swell' covers every possible variety of commendation; they say that a beautiful woman is 'swell'; that a fifty-story skyscraper is 'swell'; that a beefsteak dinner is 'swell'; that Caruso is a 'swell singer,' and Kipling a 'swell writer.' Anything they disapprove is 'punk.' Still others lean their whole conversational weight on the word 'sure' and would be speechless if it were eliminated from our vocabulary. They 'sure' do everything, and are 'sure' certain about how things will turn out. Still others depend upon 'cute' to express the range of their emotions. I once heard a girl who was standing on the rim of the raging hell of the volcano of Kilauea exclaim as she looked down into its terrific depths, 'Oh, isn't it cute?' and nothing but the strongest effort at self-control prevented my pushing her in."

The saddest commentary upon education in this country, public and private, is the fact that, from the kindergarten to the university, every year we are sending out thousands of boys and girls who are language paupers. When they speak, they use a meager few hundred words, which they reënforce with gesticulations and facial expressions which belong to the Stone age. You think that every

syllable that they use has been a pearl of great price; you imagine that every word has been mined out of the mountain; certainly you would never suspect that, for all of these hundreds of years, the minds of the English-speaking race have been storing away the choicest treasures of thought and expression, which may be had for the looking or the listening. There is no inefficiency like that inefficiency which comes from a poverty of language.

Study the artistry of our language. If we would possess a vocabulary with a market value, let us read in the advertising sections of our leading magazines; let us read the poetry of the automobile, of clothes craft, of hosiery; let us spend much time in the company of those verbal musicians who play upon the English language as Paderewski plays upon the piano. And for all our efforts to acquire a vocabulary that has a market value, may we never cease to know and love our language for its own sake; may we always know English as the creation of Chaucer, as the medium of Shakespeare, as the vehicle of Macaulay, of Longfellow, of Emerson, of Whittier, and of Riley, to the end that these distinguished minds may be our chosen companions when the sunset's season shall have overtaken us.

Pace and Pace in "Good English as a Business Asset" tell the story of a cashier in a small western bank who had studied banking and also English at night. He wrote an article on "Bank Acceptances" which was widely distributed. A copy of it

came to the notice of the president of a large eastern bank. This prominent banker, himself a master of clear, succinct English, wrote a letter to the obscure cashier complimenting him not only upon his subject matter, but also upon his "simple, logical, and happy manner of expression." To-day that cashier is one of the vice-presidents of the eastern bank. In whatever field one may work, if he has acquired an uncommon verbal skill he goes through life a marked man.

The difference between the A-1 and the B-2 stenographer is not infrequently a difference of vocabulary. Merely to record and reproduce sound rapidly is the work of the phonograph, but whoever digests with ease and fluency the words of the dictator is no machine. Amanuenses who depend wholly upon facile fingers and vest pocket dictionaries come under the classification of B-2, and their undoing is simply a matter of circumstance.

A great many stenographers who possess fairly good general vocabularies accept technical positions where the cultivation of a certain phraseology would promote their efficiency and prospects. A young lady stenographer to a department manager in a large mail order establishment spent her spare moments in studying the firm's advertising and follow-up literature. She not only adapted her shorthand forms to frequently occurring words and phrases, which greatly increased her speed, but she carefully analyzed the new words by studying their

etymology and by arranging groups of synonyms. Her promotion to a secretaryship in the advertising department followed as a matter of course.

I once met a Japanese whose fluency of expression amazed me. After I had made inquiry he referred me smilingly to an unabridged dictionary which was well thumbed. Nearby were a dozen small notebooks completely filled with words, data, and phrases which had been jotted down from reading and conversation. From these, translations had been made into other and larger books of reference. As soon as this information became a part of the Japanese' personality he found a ready market in which to sell it. A large life insurance company gave him a position where he was in constant communication with highly educated English-speaking people. Such instances as this are justly humiliating to those native-born stenographers who year after year neglect to appropriate sufficient language to give ease to conversation and effectiveness to correspondence.

Just the right word in just the right place is the accomplishment which leads full many a poorly paid stenographer and clerk out of the workroom into the sales or correspondence force. A poverty of words is the most embarrassing weakness the amanuensis can have, while the remedy is pleasing and sure. A new word to-day and another to-morrow are credit entries in our bank books that will be found as handy as savings on a rainy day.

Dr. Lewis M. Terman, Professor of Education in Leland Stanford Junior University, has estimated that the average child of eight should have a vocabulary of 3600 words; at ten, 5400 words; at twelve, 7200; at fourteen, 9000. The average adult can define 11,700, while the superior adult has a vocabulary of 13,500. The recognized mediums of acquiring speech, such as conversation, reading, and consulting the dictionary, as ordinary operations in the usual course of business, will not suffice. Unhappily our vocabulary is not comprised of the words we recognize but those we actually command. From the *Journal of Education* we learn that a few years ago there was a prize offered for a list of the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language. This prize was won by a New York lawyer. The words were judged according to their beauty of sound as well as their beauty of meaning. Here is the list:

Melody	Faith	Love
Splendor	Joy	Divine
Adoration	Honor	Hope
Eloquence	Radiance	Harmony
Virtue	Nobility	Happiness
Innocence	Sympathy	Purity
Modesty	Heaven	Liberty

But in this practical age we must not always select our language with regard to its beauty unless it shall also have selling power. We need to-day, as Professor Hotchkiss of New York University has

pointed out, a language of impression rather than a language of expression. The King's English will not do unless it is also the English of the general public which has money to spend. Words — vital and humanizing words — are the stock in trade of salesmen, the material out of which they must build images. A great advertising expert has said that we do not give sufficient attention to verbs and adjectives since they constitute our *working* words. The verb (from *verbum*, meaning *the word*) is the only part of speech which must be expressed or understood in order to have a complete thought. The verb is the action word and hence the part of speech which lends itself most readily to personification.

To make our word images impelling, we must make them as nearly human as possible. Through adjectives we may impart to the object described the attributes of persons. "If you are endeavoring to transmit an image, use adjectives — well-chosen, gripping adjectives, whose familiar faces will smile, laugh, frown, leap, and burn into the reader's mind from the written page." In describing an automobile, say it "glides," "responds," "sings along," "whispers." In every case you have imparted life to the inanimate. You have given to that without life the qualities of a person. Many of our modern-day writers are masters of this personifying style. Ingalls' famous poem, "Opportunity," grips because the subject is personified by the use of the first personal pronoun, and by humanizing verbs.

Joaquin Miller resorts effectively to this style in his poem "Columbus." Note the strong description of the sea:

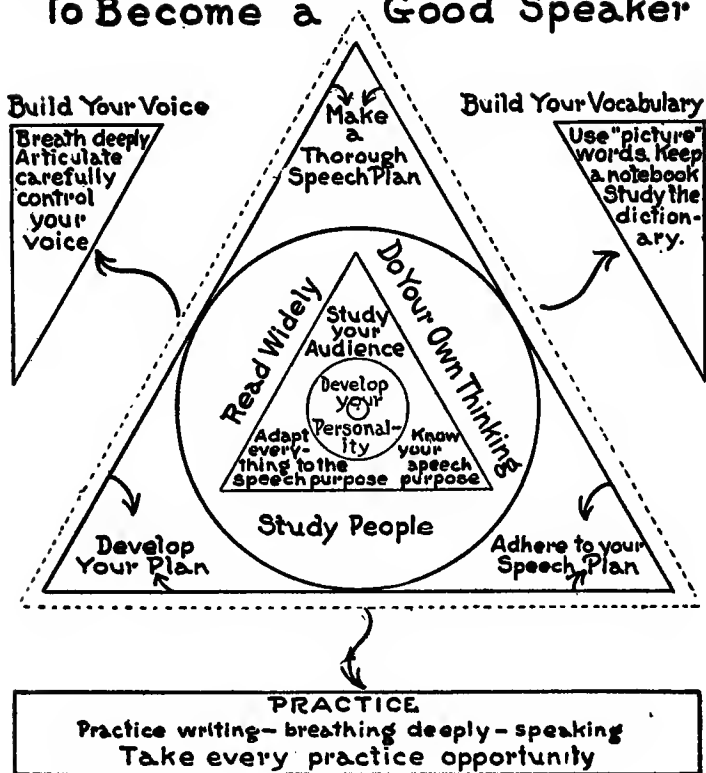
*This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!*

The New York *Sun* recently addressed this advice to writers: "To arouse interest a good ad writer can spend many profitable hours in studying just how successful generals as Johnson, Burke, Addison, Swift, Pope, Macaulay, Webster, Roosevelt, marshal their verbal battalions. Each has a strategy of his own; each wins you by something individually his own. Johnson's words rumble along heavily and sound like the boom of a 42-centimeter gun. Burke's word soldiers are excellent swordsmen. Their blades are so sharp that they can cut down every enemy. Addison's army is polite and peaceful, excellent for dress parade, but not meant for battle. Swift's words are bombs, poisoned gas, liquid fire, and are hurled with accurate aim. Pope's words are daggers, they cut deep and sting hard. Macaulay is a cavalry leader. His word army rushes along on horseback and sweeps everything before it. Webster's words are volcanic, they consume the opposing forces. Roosevelt's words are dynamic, they hit every time and when the bombardment is over the enemy is no more."

And remember that language may be either

written or spoken, the latter being far the more effective. Every person in public life should acquire some art in public speaking, not in the sense of oratory or declamation, but he must be effective in public speaking because all speaking is public. The salesman addressing a single customer is a public speaker. The secretary interpreting the orders of her superior to a half dozen department heads is getting valuable training in oral expression. One's first lesson in public speaking should be like the proverbial first lesson in swimming. The most indispensable requisite of effective public speaking lies in the anxiety of the speaker to speak. He must have something to say that he very much desires to say, otherwise the address is sure to lack force and appear as a belabored effort against time. A good speech is never made altogether by the speaker. The audience catches the first force of the speaker and in reacting unconsciously inspires and reinforces the speaker. Perhaps a large share of the difficulty would be overcome if one realized that, however inexperienced he may be, seventy-five per cent of his audience would not do as well as he. Of all the wise words that have been written on this subject I have read none that seem to be more to the point or more genuinely helpful than the following pages taken from "Personal Efficiency" published by the La Salle Extension University, Chicago, Illinois:

To Become a Good Speaker



THE BUILDING OF THE EFFECTIVE SPEECH

The importance of effective speech can hardly be overestimated. The following figures are complemented by the figure on this page.

- The center of the speech is the speaker's personality—ideas—ideals—in short the speaker himself.
- Figure 1.**



Figure 2.

About this center, however, is the triangle of speech strategics — the vital part of the public speech. Through good strategics the speaker meets the requirements of the three sides of the triangle — purpose, occasion, and audience.



Figure 3.

Encircling the strategics triangle is the speech material. After he knows his subject and has thought out the conditions of purpose, occasion, and audience that he must meet, the good speaker collects facts, illustrations, and incidents for the body of the speech.

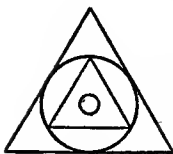


Figure 4.

All this material must be logically presented; so a very careful structure of outline and organization is needed. This organization is indeed essential to effective speaking.

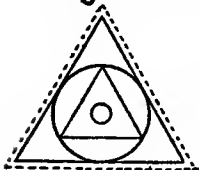


Figure 5.

Finally, the covering provided by well-chosen words, happy phrases, good rhetoric, and picturesque language clothes the speech with beauty and attractiveness.

So we see how surely our language is an affair of the personality. All speech, written or oral, is unconsciously a form of autobiography. No matter what one writes about or speaks about, he is drawing a picture of himself. As a man writes or speaks so is he.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Who is your favorite English author? Why? American author? Why?
2. Name the parts of speech which are the most important and tell why.
3. How does personification vitalize expression?
4. Discuss language as a personality asset.
5. What is meant by "thinking in words"?
6. Mention four ways of increasing one's vocabulary.
7. Why are high class advertisements a fertile field for word study?
8. How many words should the average adult command?
9. How does poverty of words promote inexactness of expression?
10. Select from current magazine advertisements six that appeal to you for precision of language.
11. Select from classic or current literature two passages that stir the emotions and compel attention because of the humanizing verbs and adjectives employed.
12. How many words in the list on the next page, which was compiled by Dr. Terman, can you define? Give yourself an honest examination and mark yourself on a percentage basis.

- | | | |
|--------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. orange | 35. brunette | 68. milksop |
| 2. bonfire | 36. snip | 69. philanthropy |
| 3. roar | 37. apish | 70. irony |
| 4. gown | 38. sportive | 71. lotus |
| 5. tap | 39. hysterics | 72. drabble |
| 6. scorch | 40. Mars | 73. harpy |
| 7. puddle | 41. repose | 74. embody |
| 8. envelope | 42. shrewd | 75. infuse |
| 9. straw | 43. forfeit | 76. flaunt |
| 10. rule | 44. peculiarity | 77. declivity |
| 11. haste | 45. coinage | 78. fen |
| 12. afloat | 46. mosaic | 79. ocher |
| 13. eyelash | 47. bewail | 80. exaltation |
| 14. copper | 48. disproportionate | 81. incrustation |
| 15. health | ate | 82. laity |
| 16. curse | 49. dilapidated | 83. selectman |
| 17. guitar | 50. character | 84. sapient |
| 18. mellow | 51. noticeable | 85. retroactive |
| 19. pork | 52. muzzle | 86. achromatic |
| 20. impolite | 53. quake | 87. ambergris |
| 21. plumbing | 54. civil | 88. casuistry |
| 22. outward | 55. treasury | 89. paleology |
| 23. lecture | 56. reception | 90. perfunctory |
| 24. dungeon | 57. ramble | 91. precipitancy |
| 25. southern | 58. conscientious | 92. theosophy |
| 26. skill | 59. avarice | 93. piscatorial |
| 27. misuse | 60. artless | 94. sudorific |
| 28. insure | 61. priceless | 95. parterre |
| 29. stave | 62. swaddle | 96. homunculus |
| 30. regard | 63. tolerate | 97. cameo |
| 31. nerve | 64. gelatinous | 98. shagreen |
| 32. crunch | 65. depredation | 99. limpet |
| 33. juggler | 66. promontory | 100. complot |
| 34. majesty | 67. frustrate | |

13. Name three necessary steps in the building of an effective speech.

14. Write a 5-minute (600 words) talk on a topic of current interest, applying the principles outlined in this chapter.

References

American Conciliation — Edmund Burke

Essay on Man — Alexander Pope

Modern English Books of Power — George H. Fitch —
Paul Elder & Company

Psychology of the Spoken Word — I. M. Staley — Richard
Badger

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes.

— GOLDSMITH

Great men by testing the tonic effect of cheerfulness have found the touchstone of happiness. Man is a group animal and the biologists and the psychologists have been laboring adown the ages properly to classify him. There are so many different sorts of men that we are constantly referring to our card index. But for the purpose of this analysis Adam has left only two children — “Sunny” and “Gloomy.” We do not meet so many descendants of “Sunny,” but “Gloomy” seems to have been the father of a large family. Dr. Frank Crane, commenting editorially upon Billy Sunday’s campaign in New York, said that if Mr. Sunday would arrange things so that everybody who got converted would be cheerful, his efforts in the metropolis would meet with great success. What the average sick business man needs in America is a heaping dose of good cheer.

All the actions of mankind, collective and individual — the sum total of our efforts to modify ourselves and our surroundings — have had a hidden objective — the ultimate increase of our happiness.

Humanity is in transit toward the one goal — happiness; and while the majority of these world travelers have misconceived the very treasure they would possess, there is a directness of effort common to all — a desire for the companionship of those who seem to have found the basis of all happiness. The world is athirst for spiritual sunshine; the gates of the market place are wide open to the man who is in love with the day. His face is the thermometer of his weather, so that he may share it with his neighbors who perchance are living at a greater distance from the rainbow. For “whatever a man is inwardly, that the world will find him outwardly. His moods modify the very quality of his sky.” When Stevenson said that finding a happy man or woman is a better thing than finding a five pound note, he used a figure of speech quite inadequate to the fact. Many a gloom-dispelling worker has a five pound note added to his pay envelope every month because “his entrance into the room is as though another candle had been lighted.” Every day finds the world bidding up the price of real joy bearers, for the sunny soul need never dispute the right of way; the gloomy, pessimistic driver instinctively turns aside and gives him more than his share of the road. He is always in demand and seldom in supply. As an unsought compliment to his cheerful disposition he has entrée into society, business — everywhere. Because attention is one of the four cardinal elements of salesmanship, he

starts the day with a twenty-five per cent advantage over the gloomy competitors who must bolster up an artificial approach which is likely to fail before any selling arguments can be offered. In the matter of cheerful optimism the public is quick to detect the spurious from the genuine. Few customers will allow you to advertise the commodity that you do not carry in stock. John M. Bruce, Vice-President of the Remington Typewriter Company, writing to his sales organization about a successful manager who had just died, said:

George Hart carried around so much of the world's happiness! And, curiously enough, he carried that happiness with him because he was always giving it away. He never kept any of it and, therefore, he always had more. No one ever met George Hart and got that cordial, wholesome, irrepressible smile of his, and his warm handshake, without feeling that the world was a little better place to live in than he had thought it before.

A man that goes through the world trying to see what he can do for other people, who gets up in the morning with a smile and radiates happiness all day long, can't help being a success. Why, people stopped George Hart on the street to take typewriters away from him. Nobody in George Hart's territory ever wanted to buy a typewriter from anybody but George Hart. Nobody in George Hart's territory ever had need of a typewriter without George Hart finding it out, because there was always somebody he had helped and done a kind turn for, who wanted to do something for George Hart.

The world is a sadder place because George Hart has left it, but it is a sweeter place because George Hart was in it for a little while.

(It is surprising how long it took big business to learn that courtesy pays large dividends.) Having paid a fabulous price for that lesson, commerce keeps it constantly in mind and in hand. In demand to-day are the men and women who can sing as they work, whatever their occupation. They accomplish more in a shorter time, and they put the stamp of their optimism on their handiwork. So happiness has an economic slant. To view life and all of its conditions from a cheerful angle means to take hold of life with a firmer grasp. Ample proof of this is given in the millions of dollars expended to-day by corporations in great welfare enterprises that pay dividends. Rest rooms, libraries, well-ventilated working rooms, sanitary community cottages, all testify that the helping man is the happy man. One of the compensations of the world war is the lesson we have been forced to learn in putting healthy, happy conditions around our army and navy at home and overseas. No army ever went to battle with as bitter and bloody a task in hand as Pershing's men, and yet, thanks to the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the War Camp Community Service, and other allied enterprises, Pershing's army was a happy army. The Y. M. C. A. alone sent thousands of Triangle men into Italy and France and Russia as emissaries of sunshine, apostles of happiness, to bind up the spiritual wounds of our soldiers as the Red Cross binds up the wounds of their bodies.

There is need in the world of men to-day
For the man who can fight and smile,
For the man who can go to the field away
With a song on his lips the while.

Sometime ago a writer described an experience he had while convalescing from a surgical operation. He called it "Twenty Minutes of Reality."

It was a gray, cloudy day in early spring. There was nothing exhilarating in the patient's environment, which was of the usual hospital kind, when suddenly he felt himself translated to a new world of light, happiness, and joy. "I cannot say what the mysterious change was," he said. "I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous, new light — in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond all words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in, and was a part of, the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication, of life. . . . For these glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me — the trees in the wind, the little birds flying, the nurses, the internes, the people who came and went. There was nothing that was alive that was not a miracle. My very soul flowed out of me in a great joy."

There are disappointingly few people who even for the brief space of twenty minutes can stand

before the mirror of truth and see their fortunes revealed. Man modifies, shapes, and colors everything by the mental angle from which he views it. As "to the pure in heart all things are pure," so the beauty we find in nature and the ecstasy we experience from music are our mental property which is of our own creating. Happiness, then, is not so much a matter of possession as appreciation. Very few of us can be happy by having what we want, but the majority of us must achieve happiness by learning to want what we have. Many acquire the habit of unhappiness by allowing their eyes to survey their neighbors' possessions rather than by picking out some of their own best assets and calculating their real value. If we wish to bring in our neighbors let us contemplate their misfortunes.

Dr. William George Jordan says life clarifies wonderfully if we stand on a true basis of interpretation, and that much of life's happiness slips away when we think that nature has been playing favorites. In visualizing our present worth we see our assets through a minifying glass and our liabilities through a magnifying glass. In any event we should not permit what we do not possess to neutralize the value of what is our very own. We should not close the books without listing all our assets. Sometime we shall need to search them out, for they may have slipped out of mind in our mad contemplation of minor liabilities. A little girl who lived in a tenement district of a great city and whose rosebuds

took first prize at a flower show, when asked how she had been able to produce a prize flower, pointed to a narrow aisle between two tenement buildings and said, "I kept moving my flower along the path of the sun." We need to get out of doors often in order that the sun may have a chance at us. If our outlook is bad we always have the alternative of trying the uplook. The Caliph of Spain, after fifty years' rule, admitted that he had spent only fourteen days at the fireside of good cheer.

Happiness is a philosophical triumph, a state of mind that must be early established so that the habit may accumulate through the years. We always intend to be happy, but we are too busy, too encumbered; we must await a more convenient season. Happiness is not an affair of the calendar. The question, "Which is the happiest season of life?" being referred to an aged man, he replied: "When Spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, How beautiful is Spring! And when the Summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, How beautiful is Summer! When Autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, How beautiful is Autumn! And when it is sere Winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches as I never could until now, and see the stars shine."

“Happiness staked against the day when you have bent the universe to some personal desire is happiness forever deferred. To be unhappy to-day may mean never to be happy.” Make certain that some bird of fine fortune is not now perching in your window. If there, see him for a moment ere he has flown. The world after all is a wonderfully fine place. If completely recast according to your pattern it might not run along so smoothly. As to what you are to have and to hold, practice the philosophy of predestination, believing that destiny makes no mistakes. “In my closet will always be clothes enough, in my bank, money enough, in my pantry, food enough, in my acquaintance, friends enough.” I shall not worry, for I shall not want.

Then to-day let me be the happy self of my intention. Let me make every casual contact with my fellow man vital with good cheer, acting and speaking as though I were humanity’s trumpeter, and as if the glories of life without my telling would need go forever unsung.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. When can you say that a man is truly happy?
2. Would you consider every happy man a successful man?
3. As a human instinct, contrast the pursuit of happiness with the law of self-preservation.
4. Do you accept happiness as an economic factor in business? Why? Illustrate.

5. Personally, what are you visualizing as the basis of your happiness?

6. What relation does happiness bear to appreciation?

7. Cite two great personalities who rendered high service to mankind and yet were never thought to be happy.

8. Have you made an effort to cultivate the sunny people in your community with the idea of learning the secret of their happiness?

9. Give six good reasons why you should always be happy.

10. Memorize the "Star-Spangled Banner," "America," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

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ASSEMBLING THE FRAGMENTS

If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose; the seed of success is not in you.

— JAMES J. HILL

Thrift is a new word in our language. Perhaps Noah Webster gave it an obscure place in his dictionary, but until recently we seem to have overlooked it. We see it to-day on billboards, in street cars, in the grocery window — everywhere we are arresting truant savings. Thrift is almost an historical term because it has appeared at that adult period of our nation's life which has followed a profligate and venturesome youth. America was nearly three hundred years old before conservation found a recognized place in our national habits; nearly three centuries had passed before we began assembling the fragments of money and time that nothing might be lost. Thrift is our great war lesson. Like invention it has been the child of necessity. The warriors in the front line trenches of France battled with shot and shell, while the great rank and file of democracy at home, undrilled in the ways of economy, battled with the habit of waste. President Wilson has said:

No individual in this great country can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven if he ignores the national obligation to be careful and provident of expenditure now become a public duty and an emblem of honor. I suppose not many fortunate by-products can come out of the war, but if this country can learn something about saving it will be well worth the cost of the war. I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources.

Our President spoke this stinging indictment only after frank consideration of the facts. Our wealth-producing ability is comparable to only one thing — our ability to consume. Consume is not the word — waste is more to the point. The United States long ago took its postgraduate course in the art of earning money, but we are just in the kindergarten of the science of spending it. Every year a million men become dependent upon their families or charity. As these lines are written the newsboys are calling the name of an international celebrity, who has just died from accident, leaving an estate of less than ten thousand dollars, notwithstanding his professional income was once as high as three thousand dollars a week. To have and to hold are twins, and neither can survive separation. In our strenuous efforts to get knowledge, somehow, with all our getting, we should get an understanding of simple financial truths like the following:

Save a quarter a day and it amounts to nearly one hundred dollars a year. Put by as little as fifty dollars a year (that means less than fourteen

cents a day) and, at the end of twenty years, it will amount to

\$1,383.38 at 3 per cent

\$1,463.42 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent

\$1,548.46 at 4 per cent

Remember that money earns money, but that the only way to reap the result of money's labor is to save, and save systematically. A fourth of your income saved at four per cent will enable you to retire on full pay at the end of forty-one years; a fifth of your income, forty-six years; a tenth of your income, sixty years. You can retire on half income in twenty-four years by saving a third of your income each month; in twenty-eight years by saving a fourth; in thirty-two years by saving a fifth; in forty-five years by saving a tenth. As Benjamin Franklin put it: "Money can beget money and its offspring can beget more."

S. W. Straus, one of America's great bankers, and president of the American Thrift Society, has compiled these statistics which are drawn from actual life:

Age 25. Take one hundred Americans at the age of 25, at the threshold of life — healthy, vigorous, of good mental and physical capacity, but with no means except their own ability to support themselves.

Age 35. Ten years later 5 have died; 10 have become wealthy; 10 are in good circumstances; 40 have moderate resources; 35 have not improved.

Age 45. Ten years later, these men having struggled with the vicissitudes of life, what do we find? Eleven

have died, making a total of 16; all but 3 of those who had anything have by this time lost all their accumulations, leaving only 3 wealthy; 65 are still working and self-supporting, but without any other resources; 15 are no longer self-supporting — a few of these still earn something but not sufficient to be considered self-supporting cases — illness, accidents, reverses.

Age 55. Ten years later 4 more have died; 20 are now dead; of the others 1 has become very rich; 3 are in good circumstances (1 of the 3 who were wealthy at age 45 lost, but another of the other 65 became wealthy). Forty-six are still working for a living — not having been able to accumulate anything; 30 are now more or less dependent upon their children or relatives or charity for support; some of these may be able to do some kind of light work, but they are replaced by younger men.

Age 65. Ten years later — 16 have died during this period, making a total of 36 out of the 100. Of the remaining, 1 is still rich, 4 are wealthy (1 of those who lost everything before 45 has regained his hold and become wealthy), only 6 are still self-supporting, but are compelled to work for a living; the others (54) are dependent on children, relatives or charity.

Age 75. Ten years later, 63 are dead, 60 of whom left no estate; 2 of the 5 rich men have lost out. The rest are dependent upon their children, relatives, or charity. From now on the old fellows will die off rapidly, but their financial condition will not improve, and 95 per cent of them will not have sufficient means to defray funeral expenses unless insured. What is the result of all these conditions?

The surrogate's courts show that only three men of every one hundred who die leave an estate of ten thousand dollars, and only fifteen others leave an

estate of from two thousand to ten thousand dollars; eighty-two of every one hundred who die leave no income-producing estate — no tangible asset — with the result that out of every one hundred widows only eighteen are left in good or comfortable circumstances; forty-seven others are obliged to go to work and often lack the barest comforts of life, while thirty-five are left in absolute want and must largely depend upon charity to live.

And remember, these statistics are not taken from Russia or China but from America. And now, for our past profligacy, we are put upon a plan of intensive saving. We have put the penny to work to win the war. Mr. Vanderlip has written a new money table. Here it is:

10 mills a cent

25 cents a thrift stamp

16 thrift stamps a war savings stamp

20 war savings stamps a war savings certificate

and it is the memorizing and practicing of this table in the great school of American everyday life that is making the world safe for democracy and is teaching American people a financial lesson worth literally many billions of dollars.

Certainly if the character and future destiny of this nation are to have their final trial in the scales of public economy, the great empire builder, J. J. Hill, was not far afield when he said that the individual without the habit of thrift is without the

seed of success. Every business success must have a financial foundation. The man who has not saved money lacks confidence in himself and fails to inspire confidence in others. To establish and maintain an important connection with a worthwhile enterprise you must have your own financial house in order. You must be a "going concern." Big business long ago learned that only fools part with all of their money; that spendthrifts are not happy and are the easiest prey to dissipation. Saving men are the upstanding men in every community. With economy comes self-control and power of analysis gained from choosing between essentials and nonessentials. Thrift is not parsimony, not stinginess. It may even be taught by him who scatters with a lavish hand, provided his seed does not fall upon stony ground, and provided the sower has due regard for past harvests and future springtimes. A recent visitor to New York, with a keen insight and eyesight, has vividly and truthfully described the situation that exists in all of our metropolitan cities and proportionately throughout the towns and villages of the country:

Strung out clear around the block at Broadway and Eleventh Street, New York, any night at twelve o'clock will be found a line of hungry men. Some are old, some are young, some middle-aged. But all are men who wait for the cup of coffee and the roll which has been theirs for the taking every night at twelve o'clock for these many years and will be for many years to come. It is the famous bread line, with a tragedy all its own. Strung

out not so far, a few blocks to the north, almost any day will be found a line of clear-eyed, well-dressed, and good-looking men and women, who wait to put the money they have saved in the bank. It is the bank line. It has no fame, for no one ever has written it up. It has no tragic, no pitiful, side. The bank line stands erect; the bread line droops. The bank line moves fast; the bread line slowly. The bank line has other work to do; the bread line has not.

Ask the men of the bread line: "How came you here?" As a rule, lack of thrift, in some form or other, is the answer. Which way are you journeying; toward the bank line or the bread line? "It is possible for every individual to achieve sufficient success to secure happiness, for the root of happiness lies in a man's independence from other men. The ultimate joy of living not only awaits your right use of money, but herein lies one of the severest tests of character. The will power required in the practice of economy has a mental and moral value second in importance only to its material advantage."

F. W. Woolworth, at thirty-two years of age, was a failure. Up to that time he had been measuring success in terms of dollars. Dollars were hard to accumulate, and finally it occurred to him that a dime was exactly one tenth as difficult to get and keep as a dollar. Henceforth, his unit of thinking and merchandising was a dime instead of a dollar. To-day the greatest office building on earth, the Woolworth Building, at Barclay Street and Broadway, New York, stands as a monument to the

man who was a dollar failure and a dime success. If everybody in the United States saved a dime a day the total would be \$10,000,000 a day or \$3,650,000,000 in one year, which is more than all the amount of money in circulation in this country. To illustrate vividly how "money makes money" the following table of one dime a day saved, is worth presenting:

How a Dime a Day Saved and Invested Grows

End of		Interest at 5 %.
1st year \$36.50	—
2d	" 74.82	\$ 1.82
3d	" 115.06	3.74
4th	" 157.31	5.75
5th	" 201.67	7.86
6th	" 248.25	10.08
7th	" 297.16	12.41
8th	" 348.51	14.85
9th	" 402.43	17.42
10th	" 459.05	20.12
11th	" 518.50	22.95
12th	" 580.92	25.92
13th	" 646.46	29.04
14th	" 715.28	32.32
15th	" 787.54	35.76
16th	" 863.42	39.38
17th	" 943.09	43.17
18th	" 1,026.74	47.15
19th	" 1,114.58	51.34
20th	" 1,206.81	55.73
21st	" 1,305.65	60.34

NAME Chas A NortonADDRESS Fairview New York

CASH RECEIVED			CASH PAID		
Date	From What or Whom Received	Amount	Date	For What Paid	Amount
1917					
	Jan 28 Cash on hand	7.85	Jan 28	Ch. Contr	2.5
	29 From Father	10.00	29	Rent to Feb 5	2.50
	31 Work in N. Sch	1.00	30	Sch. Supplies	.65
	Feb 1 Sold Book to Tom	.75	30	Show with Friend	.30
	2 Inq. in Chin	2.00	31	Necktie	.50
	3 For Ushering	.75	Feb 1	Meal Ticket	4.50
	3 From Exp. base	.50	2	Save to Cripple	.10
			3	For Sheet	1.50
			3	Inq. in Less	1.00
			3	For Corn Law	1.25
			3	Depend Bank	5.00
			3	Balance	5.30
	Totals	22.85			22.85

Little habits of thrift are like acorns planted in fertile soil to burst forth finally into sturdy oaks, which will protect and comfort us in the land of financial independence.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Contrast thrift with parsimony.
2. What real thrift lesson has the war taught you?

FOR WEEK ENDING Feb 9 1917

CASH RECEIPTS CLASSIFIED			CASH PAYMENTS CLASSIFIED				
3 Allowance or Income	4 Earnings or Gains	5 Miscel- laneous	6 Necessaries	7 Luxuries	8 Charity Church or Gifts	9 To Increase Gains or Earnings	10 Savings or Invest- ments
					2.5		
10.00			2.50				
	1.00					65	
		.75		.15	.15		
	2.00		.50				
	.75		4.50				
.50					.10		
			1.50				
						1.00	
						1.25	
							5.00
10.50	3.75	.75	9.00	.15	.50	2.90	5.00
	Diligence		Economy	Self-Control	Generosity	Enterprise	Foresight

The chart on this page and the one on page 146 form one complete debit and credit record. It is taken from Marshall's Thrift Record Book, published by Ellis Publishing Company. Single sets, 28¢.

3. According to this chapter, what percentage of men will leave assets of from two to ten thousand dollars?

4. How does money spending affect one's character?

5. What do you think of endowment insurance as an early lesson in thrift? How old were you when you took out your first insurance policy?

6. Do you plan your money expenditures systematically, determining what percentage of your income you can afford for clothing or self-improvement, for recreation, for saving? Do you energetically work your plan?

7. Do you agree with Mr. Hill that the ability to save money is indispensable to success?

8. If you should inherit ten thousand dollars to-morrow, how do you think you would invest it?

9. What is your basis for distinguishing between luxuries and necessities?

10. Are you willing to keep and study carefully for one month a record sheet of your weekly income and expenditures, as illustrated on pages 146 and 147?

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DOING UNTO OTHERS*

No Philosophy has ever improved upon the Golden Rule, and the most gorgeous tapestry of trickery looks like a rag alongside the simple beauties of a square deal.

— WISDOM

Plato, in "The Republic," grips us with the story of men who lived in caves with their backs to the light and came to interpret all manifestations of life in terms of shadow. That was three thousand years ago. Since then the Adam family has evolved from the period of the cave man to the age of electricity and still we have shadow-men with us, men who are unable to distinguish between reality and unreality in certain vital issues of life. "There is a tenacious and dogmatic ignorance as everlasting as wisdom." The line is sometimes drawn fine between sanity and insanity. We may know a man for a week, a year, or a lifetime without recognizing the angle of his life which is out of plumb, the false premise which wrecks his conclusion, the hypothetical question to which he will always give the wrong answer.

Once a student of sociology was inspecting one of the large asylums in Ohio. When he came to the ward where harmless and productive inmates were interned he was introduced to a man who, years

* This chapter is dedicated by the author to the Rotary Club of America.

before, had been an intimate friend of his father's. The conversation that followed was spiced with humor and logic, the inmate showing rather remarkable powers of memory and a well-ordered mentality generally. When the visitor had walked a little way he turned to the superintendent and related his experience of the moment before, and inquired whether some mistake might not have been made in committing the gentleman to whom he had just been speaking. The superintendent smiled and asked him to go back to the inmate and inquire whether he knew Alexander the Great. Upon doing so, the man who a moment before had demonstrated a well-ordered mentality, threw his thumbs under his waistcoat and said, "I am Alexander the Great." Then he began to visualize and describe the expedition of the great Macedonian, even over into the city in Egypt that bears his name.

Here was a shadow-man. We are meeting them every day — men and women who have never been in the asylum either as an inmate or a visitor, but they are as insane in certain respects as was this imaginary Alexander the Great; for after all, his only error lay in the fact that he was hopelessly in the minority, and refused to admit the circumstance.

There is one stupidity that seems to cling more tenaciously than the rest; one shadow that is always distorted by the substance from which it is cast — the shadow of gold. It is in the great

national pastime of gold-gathering, which we call by the more polite term of commerce, that we find the largest army of shadow-men; and yet commerce is a dignified and honorable calling. Without commerce we would have had no history. The wars of the world are just phases of commerce. But in the day of barter, selling got under the domination of Shylock methods; merchandising came to be a game of wits; and into our common law crept the admonition, "Let the buyer beware." With every generation there came a fresh group of shadow-merchants thinking they could beat an orderly universe, conceiving themselves immune from the eternal laws. All down the ages we have deceived ourselves by thinking it possible and profitable to cheat. We have tried to get something for nothing. We have been slow to learn that the inexorable relation of harvest to seedtime obtained in the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom. We are loath to believe that "Nature keeps books pitilessly; that our credit with her is good; but that she collects and there is no land to which we can fly to escape her bailiffs."

But finally came the modern philosopher telling us that a man can really only cheat himself; "that there is a silent partner to all of our bargains, the nature and soul of things taking unto itself the guaranty of fulfillment of every contract;" that man shall not travel far down the pathway of real success alone, but must go in company with his

neighbors, encumbered with their friendship, their joys, and their sorrows. He must go as his brother's keeper and if his brother would go with him a mile we have been told he must take him twain. It has been the recognition and acceptance of this truth that has brought about a renaissance in the modus operandi of business. The Golden Rule has been recovered from the Sunday school room and incorporated into the tenets of big business; and behold, the more we have lived up to its ideal the greater has our business grown. Under its transforming influence peddlers have become merchant princes, and shops have been converted into international institutions with personalities as distinct as the men who produced them. Socrates said to his pupils: "If you would be happy and successful you would do well to treat others as you would have others treat you." Confucius said the same thing negatively — "Do not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you." Socrates and Confucius were not theologians; they were philosophers; but this particular philosophy squared with every great religion since their day and incidentally it squared with the law of cause and effect.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay on Compensation, revived interest in the Golden Rule, but Frederick Winslow Taylor breathed into it the breath of life. For after all, knowing the truth is not equal to loving the truth, and loving the truth is not equal to living it. Benedict Arnold and

Judas Iscariot knew the truth, but they did not love it and they did not live it. Taylor, with his Task and Bonus System, which was one of the greatest efficiency plans ever devised, led us over the bridge that had long separated knowledge from habit. Before his time the Golden Rule was having a wide individual application. Taylor recodified the law and christened it "Task and Bonus," and all that Taylor did in a lifetime of effort was to translate into a practical, profitable, working formula, the Sermon on the Mount. His efficiency principles restate in a more practical way the philosophies and laws set forth in the teachings of Socrates, Confucius, Mohammed, and Christ.

George Bernard Shaw was once asked if the Golden Rule was workable as a business policy, and replied: "How do I know since it has never been tried." But he was speaking of an obsolete age. The truth is that the bigger and wiser business men of our day are conducting their business according to the Golden Rule, and dividends are declared, not in spite of the fact, but on account of it.

Ten years ago, in recognition of the need of organizing men who believed in the practice of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, an international organization known as The Rotary Club came into existence and its many thousand members in all parts of the country are now under the banner, "He profits most who serves best."

The rallying of better business men in greater commercial organizations to this old philosophy is not in any sense evangelical—it is economic. Scientific fiscal surveys have shown that the vitals of trade is credit. Credit is based on confidence which is capitalized in Wall Street in the terms of good will. The embryo business enterprise has no good will. Thousands of dollars must be spent in bringing in the first customers. Advertising would be too expensive if customers only came once. It is the cumulative value of advertising that keeps newspapers and magazines before the public. Advertising does not create good will, but it creates an opportunity for good will through service. A firm's good will is measured by the number of its customers who came yesterday, and will come again to-day and to-morrow; by the number of one-hundred-dollar accounts on the books last year that may now be converted into five-hundred-dollar accounts.

The merchant who speculates with his good will is doing business on the margin, which means an infrequent turnover of capital, and a frequent turnover of customers. The modicum of advantage is always with the tradesman who can take for granted the return of old customers. This protects him at the bank and frees his mind for the constructive work necessary for wholesale and permanent expansion. Trickery in trade belongs to the age of barter and has no place in the modern merchandising plan. The man who sells, as well as the man

who buys, must beware. (The merchant who cannot visualize himself as the man on the other side of the counter, and place his knowledge of values at the customer's disposal is taking an unnecessary business risk.)

One of the biographers of Abraham Lincoln, on searching into his pre-political experiences, tells us that he was at one time a groceryman in Salem, Illinois. Measured by the modern sales standpoint of selling he was a scientific salesman. One day he sold a farmer a sack of flour and unintentionally short-changed his customer. When he discovered the error he closed his store and walked four miles by starlight to rectify the error. In that one act Abraham Lincoln wrote into the decalogue of his merchandising a trade characteristic seventy-five years in advance of his day.

Charles Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in speaking recently before "The World's Congress of Salesmen," said that every great salesman has profoundly at heart the interest of his customer, and that no business can develop except as it promotes the interest of those who use its goods or its service. Noting the experiences of Stewart, Wanamaker, and Field, Mr. Schwab contends that in salesmanship the greatest possible unselfishness is the most enlightened selfishness.

Recently the vice-president of one of the greatest American business enterprises sent a three-page letter to five hundred of his salesmen. In bold script

just above the salutation was the text of the letter — MATTHEW, CHAPTERS V, VI, VII. The letter was a masterpiece of sales philosophy, but the following paragraph was particularly significant:

“This Hebrew carpenter went up on a mountain, nineteen hundred years ago, with a handful of followers, and laid down a new plan for doing business, and it has been working better every year for the nineteen hundred years since he made it, and each year more people believe in it. There isn't a big success in the world to-day that isn't based on it. And just as a final point, remember this: the very best and finest thing about that Sermon of the Hebrew carpenter, that has gone down through the ages, is, that IT PAYS! It is right because it pays, and it pays because it is right!”

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Whom do you consider the greatest merchant of the present day?
2. Do you think the majority of the tradesmen in your city are doing business on the basis of “He profits most who serves best”?
3. Cite the most prominent application of the Golden Rule that has come under your observation or about which you have read.
4. Can you offer any justification for the common law rule, “Let the buyer beware”?
5. Give two causes for the tremendous growth of mail order houses.

6. Where goods are personally inspected before being purchased, do you think the merchants should accept their return and refund money on request of the customer? Why?

7. Discuss good will as an economic factor in merchandising.

8. How do you think the advertising propaganda of the Golden Rule merchants differs from that of the tradesman whose theory is, "Let the buyer beware"?

9. Illustrate the effect of "Doing unto others as you would have others do unto you" upon the morale and personnel of business.

10. What unselfish reasons can you assign for supporting Golden Rule enterprises?

References

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THE HABIT OF HARMONY

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the thoroughfare flinging out melody and harmony through the air to everyone far and near who listens.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER

I recently attended in New York an elaborate banquet of international interest. At the speakers' table sat some of America's most notable men, among them John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. These money princes sat down while the preliminaries were yet under way and it was my good fortune to be seated near by the speakers' table, almost within earshot of the world's two richest men. As a lad of a dozen years I had lain awake nights in Kentucky wishing I had a million dollars and since that day I had wanted to see Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie because I knew they had the million. Now here they were in flesh and blood before my very eyes engaged in animated personal conversation. How I longed to know the topic of their conversation. I surmised that Mr. Carnegie was discussing his bookworms and Mr. Rockefeller his hookworms. But the conversation was brief. The orchestra caught up the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner and we all got up together. The rich man and the poor man occupied

the same spiritual footing. Avarice and envy, success and failure, were blotted out in the crucible of our national anthem. Music is nature's Esperanto; the universal language which soothes the savage breast, inspirits man and glorifies the angels. Music, said Bovee, is the fourth great essential of our nature. First, food; then raiment; then shelter; then music. Out of music comes the essence of order. "Without music the universe is without a soul, a mind without wings, and the imagination flightless." Music imparts a certain charm to sadness and a touch of life to everything.

As music is the universal language, so is man the universal medium of music, not in the sense that the harmony produced depends upon his skill as a technician, for the world's sweetest melody does not fall from the keys of a piano or the strings of a violin. Paderewski and Kubelik are renowned artists but they have no corner on harmony. Even Caruso and Galli-Curci are more entrancing in voice ensemble. Great symphonies are made up of many blended parts. The sharp solo cornet and the subdued French horn are relative values in the concord. Of all musical instruments yet designed none approaches the surpassing harmony medium which the Great Musician fashioned in his own image. "Neither men nor women, more than our finely strung instruments, can escape the need of constant tuning." In life's army of workers there are increasing thousands who go about their labor

large heartedly with an admirable self-forgetfulness, quick to serve, easy to smile, ready in sympathy and kindness; and these are the "choir invisible."

It has been said that a martial strain will urge a man into the front ranks of battle sooner than an argument. This is why, on the battle fronts of Europe, the musicians were so indispensable to the fighters in the front-line trenches. Recognizing the utilitarian value of music, there is a marine law on our statute books which requires that when the "ships are coaled the band must play." The melody arouses the coal heavers to a rhythmic and efficient action. When John Jacob Astor first went trafficking among the Indians he did not carry a gun but a flute. He could only play a few Dutch tunes, but these enchanted the Indians and they voiced their approval of his salesmanship by exchanging their wares for his beads and pipes. It was a master stroke of salesmanship, for it won Astor the friendship of the Indians and was our earliest practical application of harmony in business.

Many of our wisest minds believe that following the world's greatest war, discord as we have known it for two thousand years among the nations of the earth will pass away. Permanent world peace is the only result that can possibly compensate the world conflict. Since Europe's cannons have ceased, concord has become the universal countersign and a world-wide harmony promises to permeate mankind as never before. This reform in our inter-

national discourse will be reflected in the attitude of the various social and business groups that make up the nations, especially America. Music will dominate the arts even more than in the past, losing its exclusive cultural aspect and taking on a marked utilitarian application. Man himself will be regarded as the greatest harmony part in orchestration. No longer will he be looked upon as "an old-fashioned music box capable of playing only a fixed number of tunes," but he will be known as a harp with infinite resources of melody.

Music will find daily self-expression through the individual in terms of courtesy, and as nations give up their warlike practices far-sighted tradesmen will become more pacific and rhythmic in their business intercourse. Even to-day our largest corporations are spending fortunes in schooling their employees in courtesy courses. Our largest railroads, growing bankrupt on the-public-be-damned policy, have faced about and now their employees are among our most civil workmen.

Personal discord is not a skin disease. It is bone bred and requires a major operation. One of our great trunk line railroads has passed this advice to its employees: "The greatest asset of our Company is not its rolling stock nor its right of way nor its depots — but its men and the attitude of its men toward the public. Employees must not enter into a dispute with passengers no matter what the provocation may be."

To-day the public must be pleased at any cost. A sales manager returning from a trip to the Pacific Coast had purchased a round trip ticket from New York to San Francisco. The return coupon read "El Paso to Dallas via the Texas and Pacific," this being the only direct line between these two cities. When he arrived in El Paso three months later he was not prepared to learn that the Texas and Pacific man had been inquiring for him at the hotel almost daily during the previous six weeks. When he stepped in to see the agent, the latter told him that he had been severely criticized by New York officials of his road because he had not been able to report the manager's arrival in El Paso. He pushed over the counter several letters and a half dozen telegrams from his New York office all inquiring about the New Yorker's arrival and asking what had been done to make his stay in El Paso pleasant. The two had a short visit together, a Pullman reservation being made for a later day to Dallas.

When his train stopped in Fort Worth en route to Dallas the sales manager was paged from the Pullman and in stepped the agent for the Texas and Pacific. He said he had received a wire from the El Paso office that Mr. Dixon would pass through Fort Worth on the afternoon train and that he had dropped down to say "Hello." He gave Mr. Dixon the afternoon paper and expressed the hope that he would spend a day or so in the city. At the

depot in Dallas Mr. Dixon was promptly greeted again by a Texas and Pacific man who seemed to have no difficulty in spotting his baggage. And yet he was not a cattle buyer in the market for small fortunes in Texas and Pacific transportation. Mr. Dixon was one of the general run of passengers, willing to be converted into a conversational advertiser for that line.

It is said that a few years before Mr. Harriman died he went to the Capitol in Washington to interview a certain United States Senator. The door-keeper belonged to the old school, the school of discord. As he was answering Mr. Harriman's inquiry in a discourteous fashion, a happy faced secretary of one of the southern Congressmen, who had overheard the inquiry, stepped forward and said: "I have overheard your inquiry for Senator So-and-so and just chanced to see him a few moments ago in a committee meeting. I should be pleased to show you his room." As the two walked along Mr. Harriman asked the young man for his card and the next day sent him a telegram asking him to call at the Willard Hotel. He went promptly and in a state of great curiosity. Mr. Harriman opened the conversation by referring to his experience of the day previous and said that he had asked the young man to come to the hotel that he might offer him a position in his employ. "But," said the young southerner, "I do not know anything about the railroad business." Mr. Harriman replied

in a tone of finality: "I do not want you to know anything about the railroad business. I have in my employ hundreds of men who know nearly all there is to be known about the railroad business, but I am expecting to pay a small fortune to every young man I find who is self-taught in the art of living."

We never know when we are under the spotlight. In the most unexpected moments a great corporation may be taking our measure in terms of courtesy. To every man who aspires to his due of credit in this era of big business I would say, use your gentlest manners at home. Try them on the janitor, the elevator man, the newsboy. Watch your voice from day to day as you would a pearl of great price; ~~tune it to sweet tones and~~ when the big opportunities come you will no more forget your manners or your melodies than the sun will forget to shine in the morning or the birds to sing in the springtime.

John Bunny's smile was worth \$75,000 a year and he wore it just the same whether the camera man was looking or not. It was a heart smile rather than a face smile. The individual who practices the art of being civil is sowing for a joyful harvest. Casting a kind deed comes under the law of reflex. In the human heart there is an intuitive tendency to respond in kind. If a stranger waves at you by mistake you will likely return the salute. Even vaccination is no preventive against kind-

ness when it becomes epidemic. "From a business standpoint, only a genius can afford to be a grouch, for he alone is isolated from the crowd." Man is a group animal and differs from the common type in the basic characteristic of co-operation.

Courtesy is little more than proper consideration for the rights and viewpoints of your associates; the recognition of the utter dependence of man. No man can succeed alone. Robinson Crusoe was on an uninhabited island, yet he had taken with him the finished labor of hundreds of other men. "Set any man, howsoever versatile and capable, naked and alone on the most fertile tract in America and he will perish." To meet this universal demand for co-operation, courtesy is the oil that keeps friction out of the human machinery. If great corporations find it a paying investment to school a thousand men in harmony methods, the individual cannot afford to neglect personal drills in this costless and yet priceless business asset. Courtesy wins friends. The lack of sympathy for the welfare of other people has separated many a person from a good job and a few kings from a few thrones.

If you were not fortunate in having a birthright of courtesy it is not too late to tune up. Thousands of workers stay in mediocre positions because they lack the ability to adapt their conduct to those fixed principles of harmony and optimism which must prevail in all big undertakings. A large employer of stenographic help once said to me:

"I expect from my stenographer the same service that I get from the sun, with this exception; the sun often goes on a strike and it is necessary for me to use artificial light, but I pay my stenographer to work six days out of every seven, and I expect her all the while to radiate my office with sunshine and sympathetic interest in the things I am trying to do."

It is the spirit in which we live and work as well as the volume of our work that makes us profitable. We must be adaptable, agreeable, courteous. No single word so underwrites our salesmanship and efficiency.

In one of our large western hotels I had left a six-o'clock call, and when the bell began ringing it put me in a very ill-natured humor; but when I placed the receiver to my ear "the voice with a smile" said: "Good morning — six o'clock!"

It was only a glad "Good-morning"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

Is it any wonder that that voice traveled in over the wire like music, permeated my room and banished my ill humor in a burst of sunlight? Is it any wonder that all through the day my thoughts and actions were sanctified by the spirit of that "good morning"?

The "good mornings" and "good nights" of life are like money in the bank. They are the only

wealth which increases the more we give it away, the only treasure that we need not have insured or placed in the strong box. Therefore, we should scatter our kindness and smiles with profligate carelessness; they are as bread cast upon the waters.

Then there is the negative sort of courtesy often expressed in the ability to endure; to see without observing; to hear without hearkening. All things are possible for them who possess this passive quality, for there will often come a time when silence is golden, and to keep the peace has a market value.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. How would you justify Bovee's statement that music is the fourth great essential of man's nature?
2. What is your favorite folk song? your favorite musical instrument?
3. Why is music the universal language? According to this chapter, who is the "Choir Invisible"?
4. Why are bands indispensable to armies? Contrast the cultural with the practical value of music.
5. How does harmony relate to courtesy?
6. Contrast the "public-be-damned" with the "public-be-pleased" policy. Why will the latter policy receive additional emphasis after the war?
7. Name a local friend or a man of national reputation who you think has the habit of harmony.
8. Hark back over your experience of the past year and cite the most notable tribute of courtesy that has been paid you.

9. Discuss the voice as a courtesy factor; what is the true basis of courtesy?

10. Reread this chapter, carefully meditate upon it, and then outline a modification in your conduct, looking toward the habit of harmony.

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MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE CLOCK

Tick, tick, man, be quick
There, you lost a splendid minute —
What a superb chance was in it;
I am El Dorado — mine me,
Virgin hordes of fortune line me.
With my lavish hands I measure
Fame and strength and joy and treasure.
You are late — you've missed your date.
Fool, I'm time — I never wait!

— HERBERT KAUFMAN

Seth Thomas was America's pioneer efficiency engineer. While liberty was spending its boisterous youth in New England he was mapping the earth in terms of longitude, and translating these into time-tables of the sun. The first clocks were costly ornaments — only the rich and well-to-do could be accurate timekeepers in the nineteenth century. But in the closing days of that century was born a professional grandson of Seth Thomas — Mr. Ingersoll, whose watch democratized its field as the Ford democratized the realm of transportation. With the coming of Mr. Ingersoll the sun was finally eliminated as a practical chronological factor and timekeeping became a universal practice. But neither of these master inventors added so much as a second to the raw supply of time. Sixty minutes still make an hour, twenty-four hours a

day, fifteen (thousand six hundred ninety-five days an average lifetime.) Even with so brief a span of years the most of us seem to have a larger apportionment of time than we can well manage. Whoever can command his hours, accurately measure them, and fill them with purpose, has learned life's most difficult lesson.

Time is the never-fluctuating, never-ending possession of the race. The rich, the poor, the king, and the vagabond have always had and will always continue to have all the time that there is. We cannot hoard it or put it out at interest. It lends itself to no scheme of thrift. Its having lies only in its spending. "It will never stop a moment. No sooner do we pause to enjoy it, or philosophize over it, than it is vanishing over the hill—with the wind in its garments and the sun in its hair." It is a silver skein connecting the two great eternities, yesterday and to-morrow. We can make souvenirs of the passing moment only by multiplying it into the quality of our living.

We can perpetuate the best of yesterday only by carrying its good through with us into to-morrow. We cannot reach out into the future and mortgage the coming day. It is held in escrow for us against our own profligacy. We can only kill the passing moment; and even though every hour of this day is squandered, another twenty-four hours, "each set with sixty diamond minutes," rebukes us at the next sunrise. It is in the harvest day of life, when

the sands are heaping up in the hourglass, that we begin carefully to value time. And even where we achieve the three score years and ten plus, the terrestrial sunshine is but a day. The saddest story man has to tell is that nine-tenths of his fellow men look upon sunset with work unfinished and for the most part not begun. It is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that "lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever."

Few men are born rich, but the very fact of life thrusts upon us all an indispensable working capital of time out of which the business of living is to be fashioned. As a relative value, money is not comparable to time, because money is a fluctuating medium of merchandising with myriad avenues of approach. Its market may be cornered, its supply turned on or off at its source. Time, with neither flow nor ebb, courses rhythmically on from its undiminished storehouse and all the trusts in the world cannot reduce your allotment. "Who steals my purse steals trash," but whoever borrows from my time-capital is trafficking in my life. Indeed it would oftentimes be better to forego a fortune than to invest the time necessary for its acquirement.

In the final analysis, all values rest upon a spiritual basis. Learning "how to live on twenty-four hours a day" is far more difficult and desirable than learning how to live on a given income of money,

and it is certainly more interesting. Business, money-making, has been relegated to the field of science. Its laws are codified. It has an even routine and is monotonous. Certain causes produce certain effects. But, as Edward Howard Griggs has pointed out, human living can never be reduced to an exact science, but must always remain in the field of art. Scientific facts may be passed along from one man to another, while the law of living is nonnegotiable and must be decided afresh by each individual.

In the field of science, all students may take certain fundamental facts for granted as they are the stored-up knowledge of the race, but the art of living we acquire only by personal practice. We cannot go by proxy a single step of the way. We take our lives in our own hands and step off into space. Surrounded by millions of people ours is very largely a game of solitaire. Evolution is largely a matter between God and one's self. Fortunate is he who early in life begins rigidly to audit his time expenditures. "One-half hour a day saved to study and self-improvement increases our culture account in geometrical ratio, the new thought being multiplied into the sum total of our intellectual acquirements, the whole of the apperceptive scope being broadened." Few indeed are they who could not with comparative ease recast their daily program so as to appropriate to their culture accounts as much as an addition of fifteen minutes; yet so slight

an alteration as this would secure enough hours to master the most difficult art or science in ten years. Indeed, with that added time revenue, anyone might come to "know something about everything, and everything about something."

It has been charged that the average American sleeps himself stupid. If this be true the fifteen minutes suggested should certainly be saved out of the first hour of the day while the mind is fresh. A recent writer on this subject divides our day into three shifts of eight hours each. The first eight hours we are assumed to sell to our employer or may be utilized in our private enterprises; eight hours are charged off to sleep; and the other eight hours are ours — our "margin," our unemployed capital which should be seeking investment. The wise investment of this individual time margin is the telltale paragraph in the pages of "Who's Who." Out of these eight hours, the world's leaders have spun their self-searching, their recreation, their self-extension, their friendships. Whoever wants capital for enlarging his outlook upon life must find it in his eight marginal hours. He must be both borrower and banker. Unless the transaction is closed over his own counter, bankruptcy of opportunity will follow.

Reform your daily calendar while the idea is popular. By passing the Daylight Saving Law, Congress has saved this country millions of dollars a year. It is rather a sad commentary that it

required a world war to force this shift of the clock upon us. If you mean some day to begin an economic schedule of time spending, this day is the appointed time. Get out of lock step with the average man who drifts down life's pathway feeding himself on good intentions. When death arrives he finds ninety-nine of his victims just ready to start something, and he finds a great many who have not really done anything. It was a fine thing when Columbus said, "I will discover a shorter route to India," but it was a much finer thing when he said, "I will start to-day." Edison, Bell, Wright, Marconi, made their places in history secure by saying, "I will try to-day." "If you put things off into the future you are not likely to find them there. Who gazes through the telescope collides with the near at hand."

"My Friend, have you heard of the land of Yawn on the banks of the River Slow, where blossoms the Waita-while flower fair and the Sometimeorother scents the air and the soft Goeasies grow?"

"It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse in the Province of Letterslide, that Tired-feeling is native there; it's the home of the listless I-don't-care; where the Putitoffs abide."

If there is anything greater in this world than the inspiration that guides a man to raise an issue and render a decision it is the determination that enables him to turn his ideal into the real. Anybody can start something; in fact, almost anybody can

start almost anything, but it is only the chosen few who can see it through to completion. With a fresh destination in mind we motor off in high gear, but we finish in low, and are lucky oftentimes if we are not towed in by a flivver that left home with a stronger steering gear and a sufficient supply of gasoline.

Sacred history tells us that our Lord rested on the seventh day after a world-building job had been finished. But we spend much of our lives trying to reverse the ratio between our vocational and our avocational time.

The four seasons are nature's only calendar. She makes no business engagements, but will commune with all comers at all hours. Genius is usually tardy; we might have had the Liberty Engine in '76, if man had been as anxious as nature to assemble it.

Go to the postage stamp, thou sluggard; consider its worth and be wise. Because it sticks to one thing until it gets there, we pay two cents for it. If we applied the lesson it teaches, it would be difficult to determine its value.

Ruskin suggests that no gift of the Creator exceeds the divine gift of work, and Roosevelt restates this in twentieth-century style when he says that "The Law of Life is essentially the Law of Strife." Philip Armour remarked that some halfway folks get by, but that they do not get far. He said that men who do things with completeness

and finality are always trusted with responsibility up to the limits of their capacities, and are well paid because they require very little watching. Our salaries advance as our supervision recedes. Theodore Shonts, the New York magnate, is fond of telling of an Iowa farmer who once sent a dollar to a Chicago concern which had advertised to tell anybody how to get rich upon receipt of that sum. When the recipe came it said, "Work like the devil and spend nothing." Mr. Shonts always uses this recipe when asked the secret of his rise in life. When once we have learned the secret of painstaking, unhastening labor the world has little more to teach us. Crossing the Atlantic forty-nine times would have embittered the life of Cyrus W. Field and linked his name with fiction, but the fiftieth trip turned "Field's Folly" into a miracle and united the peoples of the earth in one great family.

The unfinished task not only robs one of the joy of achievement, but it reacts sharply on one's character. A young man was once selected for important employment by a shrewd judge of men who had noticed him walk back ten paces to kick into the street a piece of pasteboard he had missed. When I visited Yosemite Park I essayed to climb the rugged trail to Vernal Falls, but I started too late and was only halfway up when sunset overtook me and I had to descend. Pondering my failure that night I decided to extend my sojourn another day in order that I might make an early start next

morning and complete my trip to Vernal Falls, for otherwise my visit to Yosemite would always have been associated with disappointment and defeat.

So we see that time is not only the most valuable raw material out of which we must procure human economy, but that we cannot avoid making our time spending an asset or liability in the building of character. Therefore, thoroughly plan your time expenditures and then industriously work your plan — to-day. Forget yesterday. It is as dead as though it transpired in an ancient era and to-morrow is even less real. Make friends with your clock to-day, for there can be no other day.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. How many minutes are there in the lifetime of the average person, counting only the time that transpires from the age of accountability, twelve, and considering that the average length of life as reckoned by the life insurance companies is 43?

2. At the present time are you keeping a careful check on your time expenditures?

3. Do you spend as much as thirty minutes a week in careful and unmolested introspection, contrasting your helping with your harming habits?

4. What amount of working daylight is conserved in one season by the federal daylight law? How may one turn this law to his personal account?

5. How much time and what part of the day do you devote to the study of the newspaper? Why is it wiser to read the editorials than the news columns?

6. Do you have any purposeful schedule of reading? Name four magazines that you read systematically, and state why you have selected these.

7. Do you realize that reading without reflection and meditation, on the basis of at least one-half hour of reflection to every two hours of reading, is of little value?

8. Select a booklet or pamphlet of not more than thirty pages; read it through thoughtfully and then question yourself on what you have really gotten from your reading. What is the general purpose of the book? What propositions are set forth and are they adequately defended? On how many points do you question the logic of the writer? Note whether the article is prominent for overstatement or understatement. What new knowledge has it imparted to you? How many beautiful thoughts have you appropriated from the reading? How many new words have you added to your vocabulary? After having made this analysis, read the book through again and then test yourself a second time, noting the improvement.

9. What hour of the day do you consider the most effective for reading a good book?

10. What is your favorite avocation? How much time a week do you give to systematic recreation?

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DEFYING THE YEARS

When old age had come I found it to be much less bitter than you had made it out to be. The years you said would be full of misery and distress have been even sweeter to me than those of youth. I had expected it to be like an ice peak, narrow and deserted and enwrapt in a fog, but I see on the contrary opening up before me a vast horizon which my eyes have hitherto never seen.—QUINET

The life insurance agent never lets me forget that some day I shall have an old man on my hands. It is well that I should reckon against that day, for age and want make ill mates, robbing the declining years of their rightful tranquillity. But to ponder old age as a fixed and predetermined period of life, which must needs begin with a certain full moon on the calendar of our lives, is to superannuate ourselves in the very full of the harvest time. Great physicians say we are dying fifty years too soon, notwithstanding the strides made in this century in hygiene. This would indicate that we hang to life by our habits — that we hurry away after a sojourn of a few years largely because other people have done so when we might as well make a more respectable attempt at Methuselah's record. While the average life according to insurance statistics is forty-three years, we have some inspiring records of present-day patriarchs who have defied the years.

The United States census of 1910 gave three thousand five hundred and fifty-five men and women who were one hundred years old or over while there were nearly one hundred and seventy thousand whose ages were unknown and among whom there were a large number of people who had long passed the century milepost. In India and China there are said to be more than a score of persons who have lived to be one hundred and fifty years old. The entire human personality is renewed every seven years. There is little about the mind or body to grow old except as the external appearance is affected by subconscious processes. Therefore, all those who would remain young and carry the joy of youth into the fullness of years, must look early to their habits of thought. Life does not depend upon years but rather upon the mental attitude we take toward the years. Louis II died at twenty and his doctors marked the death certificate, "Died of old age superinduced by dissipation." Some of us are born old never really knowing a season of playtime, while others stress youth until it carries over to middle life. Refusing to grow up, they are eternal boys and girls for whom the school of self-unfoldment never closes, and in whom the adolescent spirit effervesces to the end. "Gray hairs are here and there upon them but upon their cheeks the young beard is downy. Their feet are not as fleet as at fifteen but their thoughts are as nimble as a young dancing girl's legs. Their fancies are as

swift as the sparrows of Spring. Their hopes rise yet as the mountain lark."

Dr. Osler's theory of superannuation defied and inspired this generation of men to demand the fullness of their birthright. In the light of sacred example and of divine promise they have grown young at eighty. Noah, grandson of Methuselah, was five hundred years old when he built the ark, and the busy patriarchs of this day seem bent upon setting a final goal post away from the Psalmist's three score years and ten and well on towards Noah's longevity record. The great overmastering personalities of the twentieth century are old-young men. B. C. Forbes' biographies of "Fifty Men Who Are Making America" shatter the popular thought that the highest business and financial positions in the United States are held by young men. Only four in his list are under fifty, and only a few of these at fifty would have been recognized in such a list. Not only is the average sixty-one but not fewer than twelve of these men are seventy or over. Chauncey M. Depew, eighty-four years of age, and chairman of the Executive Board of the New York Central Railway, speaking recently before the New York Academy of Medicine, took issue with King David for his assertion in the nineteenth Psalm that trouble and worry would fill the years beyond seventy. "Men and women have died because they have believed what King David said," declared Mr. Depew. "You can die

any time you like if you think hard enough that you can't live beyond that time."

War has developed some striking personalities over whom the years have had no power. Clémenteau, the strong man of France, was called to take charge of the French Ship of State at eighty. Cardinal Gibbons, one of the most active minds of the present day, is eighty-four. In our own country Andrew Carnegie, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, and Lyman Abbott are all past eighty, and each very much alive with important daily duties. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, is seventy-nine, while John Wanamaker, America's merchant prince, and Edison, greatest inventive genius, are well past the biblical allotment, and they are not old, tired remnants of men. They are yet hale and sturdy. Intelligent living has made a long and joyous harvest time. The declining days are not days of infirmity and inutility, but they are vital with things worth while.

Man is born once but it has been given unto him twice to die — once in the body, and once in the spirit, and these two departures are not always made concurrently. The doctor's death certificate is a fallible human instrument required by the law for the convenience of relatives who may wish to break our wills. It merely records the date on which society takes formal note of our departure and may be an *ex post facto* instrument by ten or twenty years. Man dies when hope flees from his

breast and his mind ceases to adventure. When you find a broken spirit chained to an unwilling body there you get the real phantom. Thither may you go with skull and crossbones and say, "At last, death, I have found thy sting."

A short time ago I received a letter from a man who for thirty years had conducted a school of business in a city of a million population. The letter, which was poorly mimeographed, opened with this paragraph:

Dear friend: I am writing you this letter in refutation of a persistent rumor in my neighborhood to the effect that I am dead. I am alive and doing business in the same old place.

He might truthfully have added "and in the same old way." When I recalled my last visit to that school and recollected how few evidences of life and how many evidences of death were to be seen there the rumor was not at all surprising; in fact, it was more true than false. Institutions, like men, lose their vitality when they cease to be active; when they refuse to adopt new ideas. They then take on an aspect of fogyism which means living just around the corner from the undertaker.

The years of the heart are not revealed by the gray of the hair or the ticks of the clock. Evangeline coming upon Gabriel in death, and after years had sprinkled heavy snows upon his brow, saw him the same blithe and handsome youth she had known

and loved on the shores of the Basin of Minos. "In her thoughts of him, time entered not because it was not. Over him the years had had no power; he was not changed; merely transfigured." How beautiful the wrinkle that time may lay upon the forehead of an aging person who carries the child in his heart. There are so many things grand and worth while that we cannot possess until we are well on toward twilight and sunset that we should readjust our hold upon the treasures of life ere the sun passes over the meridian. Dickens once said to a friend: "We have grown gray together, and yet it is too early to part. Let us sit until the evening of life is spent; and when we can sit no longer it will be time only then to separate and bid each other good-night and go quickly to bed."

On sailing from New York to Boston one gets a fine view of Ward's Island situated in the East River at the north end of Hell Gate. Possibly Hell Gate is so named because of its proximity to Ward's Island. On this island the misfits and ne'er-do-wells of the great metropolis are interned. In the summer season the New England boats take leave at sunset and pass out by Ward's Island to sound and sea. As these vessels pass Ward's Island the inmates gather on the island green placarded with white pebble letters which denote the various groups interned. At first you pass the city hospital wherein are the pauper sick of the city. Then comes the division of feeble-minded.

Next, the Department of Correction, where, silhouetted behind iron bars, are some of New York's most notorious criminals; and finally one reads upon the graveled green, "Department of the Aged and Infirm." On this end of the Island decrepit old men and women snail about, using crutches and canes, as beasts of burden, and here is the saddest part of Ward's Island. For after all, the sick may be restored to health, the feeble in mind may experience a retouching of intellect, the criminal may get a new hearing. These departments of Ward's Island may see another sunrise, but on the northern end of Ward's Island where live the aged and infirm it is always sunset. Here it is winter all the time and happiness is a lost art. As you survey this human wreckage you wonder how many among them were old before their time; how many eyes ought still to be seeing; how many deaf ears ought still to be hearing. You think of "Socrates who, when his hair was white with the snows of many winters, learned to play an instrument of music; of Chaucer, who wrote Canterbury Tales at eighty; of Plutarch who at three score and ten took up the study of Latin; while Cato at the same age and with the enthusiasm of a boy, began his first lessons in Greek." Old age, like youth, and maturity, offers opportunities for service and enjoyment that are peculiarly its own. Many of life's finest duties and fullest joys are the natural heritage of old age, when we have maintained an undiminished apprecia-

tion. Keeping young means a perpetual interest in one's self. One cannot feel old as long as he follows his pursuit and keeps in touch with young people and young ideas.

A blind man of middle age once told me he objected to living in an institution for the blind because the inmates were so old. When asked how he detected their ages he replied, "By their vocal behavior. They have such old voices." Pindar, the Greek poet, assured us that "a graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality. The tree dies in the blast of winter, but ever comes springtime and resurrection." Thus man is transplanted out of his earthly environment into the morning time of a fresh habitation. Death is a form of life, the crucible out of which old causes claim new standard bearers; unchanging issues acquire new voices, and the great universal heart is glorified by fresh touches of individual coloring. No man viewing life as an unending adventure can wisely wish to be younger. Death is but the preface to the book of life; the real chapters are yet to be written; the golden age of to-morrow is always just around the corner. The Psalmist said, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagles." The eagle lives five hundred years because his habitat is high in the crags of the sky line. With his powerful wings he soars above the storms of life and with a keen eye he sees the beauty of ultimate things. The evening hours should be truly glorious

because they are the transfer point where the ship is lightened of earth's impedimenta and the spirit is borne out of the body into a true spiritual childhood. "It is life's morning dream; a time when our perspective of early problems should be clear, our judgment keen and our voices softest; our sympathies broadest and our curiosities fresh as becomes the mind of children." Death and life are out of the same crucible; to-day dies with to-morrow morning. Each sunrise finds me a fleeter courier if I have hung yesterday's mental impedimenta on yesterday's milepost. He has begun to live wisely who concedes that nothing is permanent but change; who apes the passing hour by setting up a renewing and transforming process in his own mind. Such a man can sternly command the day to be gone because he is done with it.

And he masters every passing day
For it leaves him more than it takes away.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. How old was Methuselah? What was the average life of your four grandparents?
2. Why do you think the present average age falls thirty years below the biblical allotment?
3. Do you think the average life should be longer in the twentieth century than it was in the eighteenth century? Why?
4. Contrast the aging of one's mind with the aging of one's body. What is the relation of one to the other?

Illustrate with an example taken from among your personal acquaintances.

5. Why do we find more centenarians in India and China than we do in America?

6. What suggestions can you offer for the renewing of one's mind?

7. What suggestions can you offer for the renewing of one's body?

8. Are you examined and advised periodically by a physician with the thought that it is easier to prevent than cure disease?

9. Do you live and play as regularly and as energetically as you work?

10. Do you have definite thoughts and plans for living to a ripe old age?

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THAT WHICH IS CAESAR'S

There are sentinels at sea, sentinels in the mines, sentinels on the railroads, in the shops—sentinels of a home—and these posts call for the same fortitude, the same courage, the same loyalty to the Legion of Honor.

— F. D. VAN AMBURGH

LOYALTY is humanity's password; the chief cornerstone of every righteous cause. Moreover it is a form of godliness—the transition ground between the earthly and the holy. Every truly loyal man is essentially a religious man. Christianity expects its final justification somewhere and sometime in the future, but loyalty is the religion of the here and now. It underwrites our secular conduct and makes the world a fit habitat for man. When God created animal life on the pair principle he established an interdependent relation that has expanded as the race evolved. The tribal instinct is stronger than the brutal—even war breaks the chain of friendship between nations only for a season. Three thousand miles of hazardous sea proved no barrier between the mother country and her prodigal children and forthwith the instinct to commune stimulated science to improve the means of contact until Liverpool is to-day nearer New York than was Boston in colonial times, while wireless has bound the nations of the earth into one

great family. Invention has tended toward the cohesion of peoples rather than toward their independence. Discovery never reverses a natural law, so climatic conditions give variety to vegetation and a diversity of industry that will always make hemispheres and nations indispensable to each other.

In the stirring days of 1917-18 we found fresh occasion to stress loyalty, for war always writes a new definition of the word. "Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land'?" These words reverberated through every hamlet when our Congress declared war and set up the machinery for enlisting the man power of the nation. The United States had a population of one hundred and ten million souls, but we soon learned that this was according to a nose census in which heads and hearts were by no means included. A survey was needed accurately to evaluate our population in terms of one hundred per cent Americanism. We had read Hale's "The Man without a Country" and had thought it an interesting though improbable allegory. But, alas, we found the story acted out in our own time, in our own state, in our own village. There were in the United States in April, 1917, thousands of citizens enjoying the privileges of the Republic and yet they were men and women without a country. And this American order of the Bolsheviki was not confined to the foreign-born

population but in many cases the line of descent ran straight to Lexington and Valley Forge. For, after all, naturalization papers do not make Americans; the ballot box does not make Americans; and American fathers and mothers do not always make Americans. A man may be the product of any of these and yet be unworthy to sing, "My country! 'tis of thee." Whether I may have a proprietary interest in the government depends upon my having paid the only price that will purchase such an interest — the price of a constructive loyalty.

A Liberty Loan speaker, addressing an audience of young Americans in the making, said this regarding Americanism:

I stood a few nights ago in front of the great railroad station that leads into the executive heart of the nation. The city was asleep but in the distance, atop one of the Federal buildings Old Glory was fluttering in an electric iridescence. *My* flag, thought I. Nearby was the Capitol where only a few nights before Congress had declared war against the Hun. It was *my* Capitol, *my* Congress, *my* war. And straight down the Avenue was *my* Whitehouse and within its portals the servant of all the free peoples of the earth, *my* President. I was intoxicated for a moment with the mineness of it all. Then suddenly there came a question to vex me and set me wondering whether, in truth, these blessings were of my possessions. If so, why and how? Certainly Woodrow Wilson was *my* President since I had voted for him at the last election; surely all the common heritages of the Republic belonged to me since my forefathers were at Yorktown and two

uncles at Shiloh and Missionary Ridge. "Even so," Old Glory was speaking now, "you may be a man without a country; your forebears may have bequeathed to you houses and lands but not so with your patriotism, your loyalty, your love of country. These qualities are non-transferable — every generation determines afresh its nationality. Loyalty — true Americanism — must be born out of your own sorrow, your own suffering, your own sacrifice." Then fixing my eyes again upon the dome of the Capitol I spoke half aloud, "Oh, shades of Paul Revere, oh, memories of Washington and Lincoln, what can I do to make thy country *my* country!" And the answer came instantly and distinctly: "There is only one way given unto a man whereby he can possess America and that is through loyal service."

And it was that answer in the hearts of millions of men and women that made the world safe for democracy.

But loyalty, as has been suggested in another chapter, does not start with the group. Like charity, it must begin at home. A man false to himself is false to all mankind. If the average man could be taught the wisdom of being true to himself; could be brought to see that his life is not predetermined by luck or blind destiny but by cause and result his conduct would be more rational and his progress more rapid. Jails, asylums, almshouses are all evidences of the violation of laws for the defense of man against himself. Before you can betray your country or your neighbor, or cheat your employer you must first play Judas Iscariot to

yourself. It is surprising how industriously some men play hide-and-seek with themselves, trafficking in their own birthrights without even the return of a mess of pottage.

The world war has developed before the public view man's capacity for devotion to duty; and loyalty to vital issues and big business is going to make the effort of its life to preserve and multiply these qualities in the millions of men and women who dispatch the commerce of the nation. Commerce and Industry have long paid a fabulous price for loyalty of employee and have not always got the Simon-pure article. As inefficient as the mill-run of business assistants are said to be, it is much easier to pick, for instance, a thoroughly competent stenographer, technically speaking, than it is to choose one who will be loyal in the dark. If you doubt the candidate's intellectual qualities you may require his diploma or subject him to an examination; if his physical equipment seems below par you have recourse to his medical certificate; but science has yet to show a firm how it can assay a man's loyalty without giving him a trial. The one quality of all others that an employer has a right to expect from the employee, he must take for granted, at least in the beginning; and a treacherous employee, like a rotten apple, may sour everything in the place before he can be discovered and thrown out.

Second only to one's devotion to God and country should be his loyalty to that man or firm on whose

pay roll his name has been written. "Whose bread I eat his song I sing," should be proclaimed with lusty voice by every employee who would make his labor worthy of his hire. Loyalty is a difficult word to define and is wholly misconceived by the average worker. He is likely to confuse it with long hours and arduous toil. These are a part of loyalty but never the sum total of it. Loyalty is an intellectual attribute, a state of mind. It arises out of what you think about the boss and is not infrequently violated by what you say about him. Loyalty is the reflex of faith; indeed, it is faith in action. No man fights valiantly for a cause in which he does not believe; witness the propaganda of President Wilson's Committee on Public Information created to mobilize the public mind in order to stabilize the army and navy. The same principle holds true in the market place — no employee is one hundred per cent loyal to a man or a company in whom he does not have the utmost confidence. The law is as invariable as the law of gravitation, and every employer of help knows it. The huge welfare enterprises long in vogue with merchantmen are practical endeavors to solve the problem.

As long as the world stands and commerce endures there will be Shylocks to exploit labor, parasites of trade whose profits depend upon the abuse of the employee. But happily wise laws and a rehabilitated public conscience are reducing his number to the vanishing point. Making due allowance

for the personal equation and assuming that the question of salary is fairly well fixed by the law of supply and demand, the chances are very much in favor of your drawing an employer whom you can afford to trust. But whoever he is and howsoever short he may fall of your ideal, you cannot afford to commit the unpardonable sin of disloyalty. You have a much more pleasant and promising alternative — give up the boss. In such an emergency regard your resignation as a promotion even though your next position may pay you a smaller salary. In deciding such an issue it would be very unwise to give the compensation undue emphasis. However attractive the salary, no man can afford to invest his future with men or enterprises that do not enlist his voluntary respect and enthusiastic support. To do so would in the end prove bad financial management and will wreck what might otherwise prove one of life's choicest gifts — the love of labor.

There are certain symptoms of disloyalty that we can always discern as danger signals. Avoid drifting with the cloakroom crowd. If you feel a disposition verbally to assassinate the boss, get out in the open where things are sweet and clean and cheerful. "Something good or nothing" is a safety-first conversational motto. Fletcherize your words and then swallow — most of them; let the poison filter through your own system and the hazard of personal harm is not nearly so great even to you.

Like swimming you learn to be loyal in the process. Declare yourself on every occasion that offers and on some that do not offer. Go out of your way seventy times seven times to show your employer that you believe in him. Loyalty is a habit like riding a bicycle or playing on the piano. It never thrusts itself upon you. "Skill in any line is but the conscious training of the mind and body to act unconsciously." The expert cycle-rider, when he first lifted his hands from the handlebars, repented the experiment but he did not suspend operations. Grow in loyalty by premeditated effort. Counter treasonous thoughts with righteous deeds, and watch for a healthy reaction from the man higher up. Even wooden Indians have been known to flop over in March.

It is conceded that your employer is not a seven day revelation of the Golden Rule; if he were he would not be supervising men and women—he would be holding white ribbons behind a bevy of angels. He is probably even a man of temper; otherwise, he would never develop the steel to reinforce a big enterprise; but if he is a man of dis-temper you had better take steps to cure him or resign before you become inoculated. In any event the man or firm who makes up your pay envelope is entitled to the benefit of the doubt; the burden of proof is on you and judgment should be suspended until the evidence is all in. And the evidence can never be completely taken for the reason that the

employee only knows a fragment of one side of the story. The large turnover, even in the administrative and clerical forces of labor, would be much reduced if the offended employee would consider for a moment the larger problems pressing the boss. He may look like a million dollars, come an hour late, and take two hours at lunch and still feel like thirty cents and begrudge you the twenty care-free moments you squandered in the park. There was probably a sleepless night and a meeting of the Board of Directors that you did not know about.

The average employer and supervisor of help, judged from the standpoint of mind-ease, is mentally bankrupt compared with ninety-eight per cent of his subordinates. He catches trains by their coat-tails and salvages his hours of recreation and edification from moments which the great army of men and women never think of conserving. As the paymaster to millions he is entitled to a larger place in the affections of his own household. As long as you are a part of it give him a warm heart and a glad hand. Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Contrast pacificism with disloyalty, and illustrate both with examples taken from America's recent war experiences. Who are the Bolsheviki?
2. Cite some constructive ways in which the average

citizen demonstrated his patriotism aside from serving with the colors.

3. Whose moral obligation to the Republic do you consider the greater — the native-born American or the naturalized citizen? Why?

4. What country do you think made the greatest contribution in making the world safe for democracy? Why?

5. Contrast our relations and obligations to England with those to France in the recent conflict.

6. What is the relation of faith to loyalty? Illustrate.

7. From the standpoint of the employer do you consider welfare departments altruistic or economic enterprises? Why?

8. Name three striking examples of loyalty that have come under your business observation.

9. Cite three demonstrations of disloyalty that have happened during your business experience and give some suggestions for preventing their recurrence.

10. Write an essay of three hundred words on, "How My Employer Could Make Me More Loyal."

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COUNTING YOUR FRIENDS

To myself I am but a winking dust-mote, but to my friend a wandering star of his discovery. Let all friendship be free, for there is nothing so wind-tossed and weak as an atom that goes alone; there is nothing so lordly as two atoms, who, locking arms and prancing air, go forth to pass judgment on the universe together. — THE OUTLOOK

When Mrs. Browning asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his success he replied, "I had a friend." Every hero, sung or unknown, has been largely the product of his friends. Consciously or otherwise he has been driven up the hill of life by the power of fellowship. No athlete was ever known to secure his maximum strength at practice. The master prowess comes from the psychology of the crowd. A wise quarter back will direct the play of his team as far as possible away from the enemy side of the field. His ear is always pitched toward his cheerleader for he knows that many a deciding touch-down is a reaction from the side line.

In the less strenuous paths of action the master force is supplied not by the crowd, but rather by certain well-wishers who stand out quite apart from the crowd and fairly push us in the direction we have elected to go. In the field of sport the dynamic urge is collective; in the realm of ordinary endeavor it is selective. Friends are not made en

masse but come in single file, and only after they have been chosen. It is safe to say that few men, answering Mrs. Browning truthfully, would find it necessary to modify Kingsley's reply, only to change his last word to plural form — *friends*. Rarely do we have a Crusoe and Friday combination. The biography of every useful man records the name of a friend on every milepost of his career. I do not refer to the fair-weather companions who aided in his expenditure of time and money, but to those rare intimates of his soul who came into his life at epochal places, heartened him and drove him on from one achievement to another by the sheer power of their watchfulness. Carlyle suggested that the help which one man can yield to another is infinite. "Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly vision." Our evolution in friendship is an important part of our education because we make friends in the reciprocal act of being a friend; for whoever thinks of his friend as his bank is quite sure to find that the security is insufficient. Our most serviceable friends do not lend us money, and even where their acts of loving kindness are mountain high, these are the lesser part of their uplifting. Of far greater value is their enduring affection, their confidence, their assurance that whatever else betide they will expect to see our names written on the roster of success. If by some sad stroke of the

fates I should be bereft of all I possess of worldly goods, I would still be rich indeed if kind Providence spared me the recollection of all that sea of kind faces that passed me somewhere in the vale of yesterday.

Upon leaving college it was the lot of a southern lad to transfer from a small college town to the American metropolis. His teacher, the rarest and dearest of all friends, sensing the hours of temptation and loneliness that stretched ahead of him, called the lad into his private office for a parting lecture that was the outstanding feature of his education. The closing lines of his peroration were as familiar to that boy as the Lord's Prayer, and to him as true: "When you get yonder in the great city your first days and weeks will be filled with pleasure and wonderment. For a while all will go well. Then the new will gradually wear away, and out of the glare and glamour of it all will come a strange loneliness that will threaten to engulf you. Trials will come and almost overcome. You will want to throw up your position and come home. When those hours come to try your soul I want you to think earnestly of your friends, for you have many in this school who will be listening for good reports."

That boy scarcely knew how soon he would need to recall that last meeting in the college office, for alas, New York's charms began fading ere he saw them. There ceased to be any majesty in her

sky line, any wonder in Brooklyn Bridge, or poetry in the ocean's waves. His heart turned a thousand miles to the southward and his feet would have gone thither but for one thought — "They will be listening for good reports." He was oftentimes more than willing to disappoint himself but not so with his friends — the good reports must go forward. And so, month after month, the lad faced the tempter with fixed bayonet, and fought on until, a slight victory being achieved, he was homeward bound with a good report. And his good friend who had sent him forth with a God speed received his report with glorious enthusiasm, promptly reset the stakes of his expectation and sent him away again. Year after year that southern lad, long since grown to man's estate in a great city, goes back to that school and that friend as a spent automobile goes back to the garage for gasoline. That teacher is his spiritual supply depot. He has a proprietary interest in all that lad's thoughts and deeds. Friendship like his is the utmost reward and that man will forever ascribe unto that teacher his due credit for every milepost passed and every ladder rung to be climbed by his inspiration.

The chief office of our friends is to prod us along, to energize and goad us to do the things that would be impossible to us in the absence of the affectionate belief they exercise in us. One good friend may modify and sanctify our tendencies all through life. His admiration for us and his unconscious super-

vision over us is reflected in our energy, our honesty, our sincerity. Our intellectual capacities, too, are extended in direct ratio to our friendships. Emerson says: "The scholar sits down to write and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand with chosen words."

But that man who has builded his friendships only from the viewpoint of his own development has suffered a lopsided growth. "We should have three kinds of friends — those who are above us, those who are at parity with us, and those who are below us. We naturally grow up with the second class, and for selfish reasons we gravitate towards the first and away from the last class." The sweetest flowers that grow in the garden of friendship are the buds we pick for those in whose lives the roses never bloom. We should be more social with our joys, for

It's fine to say "good-morning"
 It's great to say "Hello"
 To shake the hand of my fellow man
 Is the grandest thing I know.

And this for everybody; there is no uncommon clay; humanity is delivered wholesale from the one source of supply. Says Bolton Hall:

"I looked at my Brother with the Microscope of criticism and I said, 'How coarse my Brother is!'

I looked at him with the Telescope of Scorn and I said, 'How small my Brother is!' Then I looked in the Mirror of Truth and I said, 'How like me my Brother is.'"

Universal brotherhood of man had a very early beginning, but Cain gave it a setback from which it has not yet recovered. To deny that every man is my brother is to deny the inexorable fact of life. To establish that I am my brother's keeper is the important thing, for herein lie the fundamentals of friendship. Many men cultivate what may be called the balanced art; that is, they have a knack for taking on friends betimes, and then laying them off like a spent garment. They shed their friendships on every ladder rung. Indeed their friends are of a season — 1919 models will be traded in for later designs affording conveniences and comforts peculiar to their time.

It has been said that President McKinley had more personal friends than any man who ever sat in the White House, due in part to the fact that he kept what he called a "Personal Reminder Book" — a sort of "Who's Who" of his friends. It is a fine thing to keep a record of one's friendships. If you have met a man you would like for a friend, jot down his name and something about him. Put him on your mailing list for a Christmas Greeting. This is a modern day extension of the old autograph album, that medium around which is builded so much of the hospitality and friendship of the South.

Many a transplanted son in the North and East has neatly packed away in the archives of cellar or garret the album which he passed around among his schoolmates the day he quit the old seminary. The covers are probably done in plush and the word "Autograph" in filigree. The pages are in varied colors; the ink is purple. Here and there a leaf is covered with a bold scrawly hand in bad alignment. On one of these Bob Welch, now banker back home, wrote, "Don't forget how we carried water to the elephant at the circus."

The old friends are the best and to me they are not gone — they are just away, out there in the reaches of my memory where I may call them back after a busy day. I do not need to live always in New York because I happen to be here most of the time. Often when I am supposed to be walking down Broadway I am taking a mental stroll down the village pike.

Whatever the time and place, remember to cultivate people as you would cultivate flowers, and with all of your getting do not forget to get friends.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Give your definition of friendship.
2. If you should receive an important promotion or some other visitation of good fortune, how many friends outside of your own family do you think would be truly glad to hear about it?

3. Meditate for as much as thirty minutes upon six of your best friends and assign, if you can, the cause of their friendship.

4. Without mentioning the name, cite the one person who has exercised the greatest influence upon your life and work. Why? What is the greatest help you have given that friend?

5. Can you name three people who live on a social and financial plane below your own, yet feel comfortable in your presence and consider you as a counselor and helping friend?

6. Discuss reciprocity as a factor in friendship.

7. Contrast the help you give and get from old friends with that of the new.

8. Outline a constructive plan of being a friend.

9. Name some very common ways of losing friends.

10. Do you keep a "Personal Reminder" book? How many friends on your mailing list for Christmas Greetings?

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